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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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A Warm Summer

THERE IS TO BE a provincial election at the beginning of June in British Columbia, and gossips talk of one before the end of June in Ontario. The Alberta juggling act becomes more and more exciting and complicated, and at the moment we can't quite make out who is going to produce the rabbit or which hat it is coming out of, or indeed, whether it will be a rabbit. But in spite of these excitements it is clear that the most important developments this summer in Canada are going to be in other fields. The imperial conference will make decisions, positive or negative, on which the lives of a good many young Canadians may depend. Here at home the struggle between industrial workers in Ontario and Quebec and their employers, with the governments of both provinces vigorously supporting the employers, seems likely to usher in a new era both in industry and in politics. The Canadian Forum prints this month a series of articles on these two topics of imperial relations and industrial relations. And we suggest that, in English-speaking Canada at least, there is emerging a fairly definite connection between the alignment of Canadian citizens on the one issue and their alignment on the other.

Nova Scotia and Labor

WHILE MR. HEPBURN was breathing forth threatenings and slaughters against the C.I.O., the Nova Scotia legislature was passing a Trades Union Act embodying precisely the opposite policy. The original bill, modelled on a draft submitted by the Trades and Labor Congress, was introduced by the leader of the Conservative Opposition, Colonel Harrington, former counsel to District 26 of the United Mine Workers, John L. Lewis' union. The Liberal Government, cordially accepting the principle of the bill, proposed certain amendments, which were adopted. The Act specifically recognizes the lawfulness of unions. It makes com-

pulsory collective bargaining "through a Trade Union and through the duly chosen officers or representatives of such Trade Union, representing the majority choice of the employees eligible for membership. It outlaws "yellow dog" contracts: any "clause which seeks to restrain any employee from exercising his rights under this Act . . . shall be of no effect". It provides for the check-off of union dues (collection through the employer's office) wherever there is a check-off for any other purpose. (This is said to include the steel plants). Finally, it imposes a maximum penalty of \$100 or thirty days in jail, upon any employer who refuses to bargain with a union. And any individual employer who tries to prevent a worker from joining a union is liable to these same penalties for each offence. A corporation must pay a fine of \$1,000.

The resemblances between the Nova Scotia Act and the Wagner Act are obvious. The Wagner Act does not provide for the check-off of union dues, but it contains most of the other important provisions of the Nova Scotia Act, and goes beyond it in (1) forbidding employers to "dominate" unions or contribute to their funds, (2) making it unfair to discriminate against or discharge an employee for lodging complaints or giving evidence under the Act, (3) and providing for elections under the National Labor Relations Board to determine which organization has the majority. On the other hand, the Wagner Act applies only to industries engaged in inter-state commerce, while the Nova Scotia Act applies to all industries in the province.

Our Class-Conscious Newspapers

THOSE WHO THINK that Marx invented, and that only his disciples feel, class-consciousness, should study our Canadian press during the past two months. The frenzy of the bulk of the American newspapers against President Roosevelt, the New Deal and the C.I.O. has been well matched by the outburst of hysteria in the Toronto and Montreal papers over the Oshawa strike. Events in these days

are supplying the acid test to the professions of democracy and liberalism of most of our great newspaper proprietors. And, as always happens in critical times, those who come through the test emerge with their liberalism much more militant, while those who fail become every day more definitely reactionary. The Toronto Star has come through with flying colors; its editorials and its leading news stories on Oshawa have been the best bit of journalistic writing produced in Canada for a long time. Saturday Night is obviously about to fall off the fence on which it has been precariously balanced for some time, and to fall rightward with a bang; the note of virtuous emotion in its editor's voice sounds more loudly each week. The Winnipeg Free Press professes to be puzzled by events in Ontario, which is a strange feeling for it to confess to, and sometimes we wonder whether vague recollections of the Winnipeg strike are not stirring in its mind. But the most remarkable and significant performances have been given by the Toronto Globe and Mail and by the Financial Post. They have out-Hepburned Hepburn, and the Globe's discovery that behind the Oshawa strikers lay a "communist-fascist" conspiracy to overthrow our British democratic institutions will certainly rank as the journalistic coup of 1937. The constant charges of these two journals that the C.I.O. has fomented violence in the United States are never supported by any citation of facts; and their alleged evidence about "red" domination of the C.I.O. unions is so ludicrous that one would think it could hardly convince even a Toronto business man. Their effort to stir up anti-American feeling was the nastiest part of their performance. But the most sinister fact of all has been the solidarity of the business community in Toronto and Montreal in supporting the most extreme utterances of such journals as these and the most extreme actions of Messrs. Hepburn and Duplessis. When these men feel that their domination of the community is threatened, they go fascist overnight.

Montreal, Quebec and the Church

TWO RECENT incidents provide fresh examples of the delightful comic opera effects so common in Quebec politics. The city of Montreal has just made the first part of the \$225,000 payment of its twenty years' contributions to buy the Palestre Nationale for the A.C.J.C. (whose benevolent activities are referred to elsewhere in this issue). The provincial government announces that it will guarantee the Gentlemen of Saint Sulpice up to \$5,000,000. "The order still owns great quantities of real estate, notably great and valuable blocks of property on St. James St. and that area generally", says the news-

paper report, "All this will be turned over to the government as security." But the order lacks cash. So, to prevent its having to sell for what it could get "in these days of crisis" (evidently the gentlemen haven't heard that the depression is over), the government will come to the rescue. Thus the provincial government actually intervenes to prevent large tracts of land from becoming taxable! Where else but in Quebec could such things happen? The serious side of the performance requires no comment.

The Immaculate C.P.R.

AFTER A STRUGGLE lasting more than a year friends of the C.P.R., acting as dummies for that company, have secured a provincial charter for the Quebec Goldfields Railway, to be built into territory now effectively served by the C.N.R. This duplication is in accordance with the C.P.R. tradition in Ontario and Quebec, and from the hard-boiled, "business is business" point of view, there can be no objection to it. The C.P.R. is not in business for its health. Like any other capitalist concern it exists to make money, and it will grab profitable traffic from a competitor whenever it can. But such behaviour accords strangely with the C.P.R.'s frequent pious ejaculations that it is not as other capitalist concerns, still more strangely with Sir Edward Beatty's vociferous criticism of duplication by the C.N.R. The granting of the charter is flatly "contrary to Dominion policy and Dominion legislation" (the Canadian National-Canadian Pacific Act, 1933). Sir John Macdonald disallowed a series of Manitoba railway charter Acts on this very ground for the benefit of the C.P.R. Will Mr. King do as much for the benefit of the people's railway?

The Higher Learning in Quebec

THE SUDDEN resignation of Principal Morgan of McGill, because of undisclosed differences of opinion between himself and the Board of Governors of the University, has given rise to much speculation. The Toronto Star has attempted to give the matter the appearance of a second King Gordon incident, and rumors are rife that Mr. Morgan's liberal attitude toward freedom of speech was the cause of his departure. We have no reason to believe that this is so, though certain members of the governing body of McGill are doubtless not sorry to lose a liberal when they lose a principal. There have been no issues in which Mr. Morgan has publicly taken a stand such as would endanger his position even in Montreal. His one statement, at the time of the visit of the three Spanish delegates,

that he was glad the McGill students were not afraid to hear them, can hardly have produced this result. The better opinion seems to be that he was a man of determined ideas who worked toward his objectives without paying much attention to opposing points of view, and that the differences between himself and his governors were cumulative. A situation that had become unworkable in a number of ways was clarified by the direct method.

The rumor about undue liberalism is at least an indication that the public today is becoming more aware of the whole issue of civil liberties. Le

Devoir, in Montreal, ran true to its ultra-reactionary form; it took occasion to point the contrast between McGill and the University of Montreal, in which latter seat of learning, we are informed, the idea that the duty of a university is to teach not what to think but how to think is utterly repudiated. Teaching people how to think is apparently "la base du protestantisme", and the cause of all our modern errors. In the province of Quebec the authorities know the truth, and all education is a simple process of handing it out to the young in neat little parcels.

External Policy Depends on Internal Policy

MR. KING is now in London discussing, in the emotional atmosphere of the Coronation, "the broadest aspects of the higher imperial strategy". As the Canadian Forum has frequently pointed out in the past, and as is shown by the articles in this number, the claim of his government, that Canada is free from British entanglements and can make up its mind independently about its own policy, bears little relation to the facts. There are a considerable number of questions which need to be cleared up before we can be sure of our position — questions as to the nature of the legal ties with Great Britain, as to the relations of our Department of Defence with the defence departments of the British government, as to the right of neutrality, etc. Mr. King's particular kind of statesmanship, however, is entangling us with Great Britain in another much more subtle and inescapable way.

The whole policy, or lack of policy, of the King government is based upon the thesis that the cure for all our national troubles is the expansion of foreign trade. The prosperity which will come from greater exports will somehow distribute itself among all classes of the community, and no further action by the government will be required. Once upon a time Mr. King wrote eloquently about the partnership in industry between employers, workers and the community; but today he will do nothing to make that partnership real. "He put it in a book" and there he intends to leave it. Besides, the Privy Council has happily vetoed any action on social insurance or regulation of labour conditions by the federal government. Housing? Yes, alas, there are slums, but that is a problem for the provinces and municipalities. Marketing schemes? No, the beneficent activity of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange will see to it that our wheat gets sold. Our national internal policy not merely discriminates against farmers and workers but it results in a very inequitable distribution of the national income between central Canada and the outlying provinces. This

was once brilliantly demonstrated by the Hon. Norman Rogers in those far-off days when he was still Professor Rogers, and could argue that the remedy was a more coherent policy of national planning; but the Liberal government does not propose to do anything about that either. (And, by the way, what does Mr. Rogers' C.I.L. master of ceremonies think about the C.I.O.?) Let us expand our foreign trade and all these other problems will solve themselves. Even if the expansion comes largely from the growth of war industries, we do not need to worry. It means prosperity, doesn't it?

Mr. King's government is, therefore, peculiarly amenable to pressure from other governments who control large potential markets. Now it happens that he has just revised the trade arrangements which Mr. Bennett made in 1932 with the British government. It was a life and death matter for the King government to ensure that Canada should not lose the concessions which Mr. Bennett obtained in the British market. And we have kept all of them. What have we given in return? It is true that we have lowered to some extent the atrocious Bennett tariff rates on textiles and iron and steel. But it is impossible to believe — and one may note that the leading Liberal newspaper in Canada, the Winnipeg Free Press, does not profess to believe — that the lowering has gone very far. We have kept the specific duties and the so-called excise tax, which are merely disguises for enormously heightened ad valorem rates in our tariff schedules. It is impossible to believe that we have given any concessions to British exporters which match in value the concessions which our exporters get in Great Britain. And since the British are not innocents or philanthropists in trade matters, the question inevitably arises as to what quid pro quo they count on getting to offset their generosity in the trade treaty.

Well, the Canadian defence estimates went up to 36 millions this year and will no doubt go higher next year. And anyone who believes that the kind

of defence force with which we are equipping ourselves is meant for purely local Canadian defence is unnecessarily innocent and philanthropic.

In this matter, as in so many other matters, Mr. King is a true disciple of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. When Laurier, in 1899, let himself in for participation in the Boer War (he made the decision by Order-in-Council without consulting parliament), he defended his action by one noteworthy argument. M. Lucien Pacaud has recently published the letters which Laurier wrote to his father, a newspaper editor in Quebec, during those years. Here is an extract from one of the letters, in which Laurier is instructing Pacaud as to the line he is to take in defending Canadian participation in the war: "La raison qui nous a engagés à prendre cette détermination, c'est que nous voulons être utiles à la Grande-Bretagne sans nous lancer dans une aventure militaire. Nous pouvons le faire à un cout très modéré, et la dépense ne nous pèsera pas, vu l'état actuel du revenu. Nous tenons à rendre service à l'Angleterre, à cause du développement énorme que notre commerce y a pris depuis deux ans. Ce développement est dû à notre politique, et notre dernière attitude nous permet d'escompter des résultats plus avantageux encore, même au point de vue commercial. Nous croyons que la cause des Outlanders est juste, mais ce point est secondaire."

Perhaps the justice of the next British cause in which we fight will again be a secondary point, but we will not be able to convince ourselves so easily as Laurier convinced himself that the commercial advantage is purchased at a moderate cost.

The most serious aspect of the leadership which the King government is giving to the country today is that it is not providing us with any positive alternative which can operate to immunize us against the contagion of war. War has a terrible attraction because of the exaltation of spirit which it gives to the individual who consecrates his life to a social cause greater than his own individual ends. If we were engaged in building up a genuine social democracy here in Canada, a task which would call out all the idealism and the co-operative capacity of our people, the fever of war might not find in us susceptible victims. As it is, the ultimate price of Mr. King's laissez-faire inaction at home may be the burial of 60,000 more Canadians in Europe.

But it will be a war for democracy! Recent events at Oshawa and elsewhere have thrown a somewhat vivid light upon this question of democracy. Collective organization by industrial workers is a long delayed first step on this continent toward industrial democracy. Have you noticed that all the right-thinkers who have been deploring the activity of foreign agitators in our factories and mines, who

are up in arms against subversive influences in Canada, happen to be the very people who are most vociferous in preaching the war for democracy in Europe? Make a list of them and note this curious coincidence between enthusiasm for democracy in Europe and abhorrence of all movements towards a more genuine industrial democracy here at home in Canada: the Globe and Mail, the Financial Post, the Montreal Gazette, the Hon. Howard Ferguson, Col. George Drew, the Chambers of Commerce, et hoc genus omne. They assure us that Canadian governmental budgets cannot afford unemployment or health insurance, or decent housing for the poor, and in the next breath they are urging us to spend millions on war. Is one being too suspicious when he suggests that capitalist-democratic governments, as well as fascist dictatorships, may find external wars an admirable distraction from internal difficulties?



Suggestion For War Memorial

A circle of bombs
About a fountain
Of liquid fire.
A central plinth
Emblazoning the names
Of the heroes who freed
The infectious disease germs.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

An Anglo-Canadian Military Alliance?

ESCOTT REID

THE SIZE of the Canadian defence appropriations this year is an obvious compromise between the demand of the jingoes for large appropriations and the demand of the non-interventionists that no increases be made. Mr. Mackenzie King frankly admits it. He will not, however, admit that the nature of the defence expenditures is also a compromise.

He claims instead, that on this matter he has come down on the side of the non-interventionist—"When we say that what we are doing we are doing for Canada alone, we mean we are doing it for the defence of our country within the territorial waters of the coasts of our country, and within Canada itself for the defence of Canada." And because even this does not convince the non-interventionists, and the consciences of Mr. Paul Martin and other Liberal members of parliament are still uneasy, Mr. King uses, in the House of Commons on March 25, these soothing words: "I think it is extremely doubtful if any of the British dominions will ever send another expeditionary force to Europe".

While it would therefore appear from Mr. King's words that he has refused to compromise with the imperialists and sanctionists on this matter of an expeditionary force, it is clear from his government's actions that they have compromised. The main purpose of the reorganization of Canadian land forces is to create a mobile army which can form the nucleus of an expeditionary force. Certainly the tank regiments in Windsor (Ontario), Oshawa, Belleville, Three Rivers, Moncton and Calgary, will not be of much use defending either the British Columbia or the Atlantic coasts of Canada from the sporadic raiders or aircraft carriers upon the action of which, according to Mr. Ian MacKenzie, "the entire conception of Canadian naval, military and aerial defence is based".

Nor, if Canada is not preparing to send an expeditionary force overseas, is there much point in the Canadian government continuing its present practice of close co-operation on defence matters with the United Kingdom government.

The many ramifications of this co-operation are not well enough understood by the Canadian taxpayer and citizen. An authoritative, though unofficial, account of them is given in the volume "Consultation and Co-operation in the British Commonwealth", published three years ago by the Royal and the Canadian Institutes of International Affairs. This volume has never attracted the public attention that it deserves. The quotations given below are taken from it.

There exists, just outside London, an institution which, though it was founded as long ago as 1927, has not yet been reported in our Canadian newspapers. This is the Imperial Defence College. Its purpose is "the training of officers and civilian officials in the broadest aspects of the higher Imperial strategy". We are not surprised to learn that "there is a very wide field for its work in the elaboration of plans for the co-operation of forces in different parts of the world in the face of common emergencies".

During the past ten years, fifteen Canadian officers have attended the Imperial Defence College and received there "a training in the broadest aspects of the higher Imperial strategy", and an opportunity to assist "in the elaboration of plans for the co-operation of (Canadian and United Kingdom) forces in . . . (France, Flanders and elsewhere)". Eight of these fifteen officers hold today positions in Ottawa: Colonel R. J. Orde, Judge Advocate General; Commodore Percy W. Nelles, Chief of the Naval Staff; Commander G. C. Jones, Director of Naval Operations and Training; Colonel H. D. G. Crerar, Director of Military Operations and Intelligence; Colonel G. R. Pearkes, Director of Military Training and Staff Duties; Air Commodore G. M. Croll, Senior Air Officer; Group Captain L. S. Breadner, Air Staff Officer; Brigadier-General A. G. L. McNaughton, President of the National Research Council.

These are the officers who will be in most intimate contact with the Canadian cabinet in any crisis when it has to make up its mind about joining in a British war. Undoubtedly their advice to the Canadian cabinet, for they are loyal servants of the Canadian government, will be based upon what they conceive to be the interests of Canada. But the natural and inevitable result of their training at the Imperial Defence College and elsewhere is that they assume that in almost all instances United Kingdom and Canadian interests are identical. They take it for granted that Canada's first line of defence is where Great Britain's first line of defence is — the Rhine, or wherever the latest fashion in strategy places it. They take it for granted that public opinion in Canada will naturally and inevitably demand that Canada participate in all major British wars. There is, therefore, not much difficulty in predicting the kind of advice they will give the Canadian cabinet.

Nor, once their advice has been accepted, will there be much difficulty in carrying it into effect. The means by which Canadian forces can co-operate

with those of the United Kingdom in the face of common emergencies has been planned well in advance. "A permanent force officer in Canada is required today to pass the same examination, set and corrected by the same authorities, as an officer of corresponding rank in the British Army . . . so that an officer of a definite rank in the forces of one part of the Commonwealth could be employed, either in time of peace or in war, in any appointment of similar rank in the forces of any other portion of the Commonwealth." "There is a Canadian Air Liaison Officer in London with offices at the Air Ministry."

Other methods of promoting uniformity of defence throughout the Empire are: "(a) The common use through the Commonwealth of organization, equipment, establishments, and training manuals issued by the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry of the United Kingdom; (b) Direct correspondence between the staffs of the Service Departments of the United Kingdom and the staffs of the Defence Ministries of the Dominions; (c) Periodic exchange of liaison letters between the Chiefs of Staff of the British and Dominion Services . . . ; (g) The attachment of officers from Great Britain to units in the Dominions". In Canada there are, at the moment, eight British officers.

Of Imperial Conferences we are told that "it is at these conferences that the basic principles of Imperial Defence have been formulated and modified as circumstances demand". The Imperial Conference, however, "can only concern itself with the broad outlines of policy in defence matters; the business of working out the details is undertaken by the Overseas Defence Sub-Committee (O.D.C.) of the Committee of Imperial Defence".

This Committee of Imperial Defence (C.I.D.) is the successor of the Defence Committee of the United Kingdom Cabinet which was established by Salisbury in 1895. It was brought into existence in substantially its present form by Balfour in 1904. The Prime Minister is president of the committee; the secretary of the committee, Sir Maurice Hankey, is also secretary of the cabinet. On it sit the ministers and chiefs of staff of the three fighting services, the Minister of Co-ordination of Defence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, the Colonies, the Dominions, and India. Other persons, not necessarily ministers of the crown or even members of parliament, are invited from time to time, the membership varying in accordance with the subject-matter under examination. In theory the C.I.D. is an advisory, not an executive body, the responsibility for carrying out its advice remaining with the United Kingdom cabinet. But since the C.I.D. includes all the senior members of that cabinet, its

advice must be scarcely indistinguishable from the cabinet's decision.

The Committee keeps the defence situation, as a whole, constantly under review, so as to ensure that defence preparations and plans and the expenditures thereupon are co-ordinated and framed to meet policy. It has about fifty sub-committees carrying out detailed work. There is a civilian in practically every one of these sub-committees, for the committee does not simply co-ordinate the work of the three fighting services. It plans the whole effort of the Empire in war, and this means that it is concerned with the work of every department of government.

It is interesting to note that at the Imperial Conference preceding the last war, a resolution was passed "that one or more representatives appointed by the respective governments of the Dominions should be invited to attend meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence when questions of naval and military defence affecting the Overseas Dominions are under consideration". As a result of this resolution, Sir Robert Borden and some of his colleagues attended meetings in 1912, and just before the outbreak of the war Sir George Perley, while remaining a minister without portfolio in the Borden government, took charge of the office of the High Commissioner for Canada and was given authority by his government to attend meetings of the Committee.

For the last nine years or more, however, the Canadian government has not been represented at meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence or of any of its sub-committees. Perhaps this stage of affairs will be remedied at this year's imperial conference. Otherwise, how will Canada be able to give effective support to the resolution Mr. King agreed to at the Imperial Conference in 1923: "In the application of these principles of imperial defence to the several parts of the Empire concerned the Conference takes note of . . . the necessity for the maintenance of safe passage along the great route to the east through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea."

The absence during the past nine years or more of Canadian representation on the Committee of Imperial Defence must be depressing to the imperialist. He can, however, find cheer in three things: Halifax, Esquimalt, and the Imperial War Cabinet.

A return in the Canadian House of Commons on the last day of the 1937 session (not reported in the Canadian newspapers), makes it clear that, even if Canada had today the legal power to declare her neutrality in a war involving the United Kingdom, she would still be under a contractual obligation not to treat United Kingdom warships at Halifax and Esquimalt as a neutral ought to treat belliger-

ent warships; for "The Naval Bases at Halifax and Esquimalt were taken over on condition that the Dominion Government would maintain them in a state of efficiency, would provide storing accommodation for coal and other fuel for the Admiralty, and dockyard facilities for H.M. ships visiting Canadian waters".

The contractual obligation of Canada to the United Kingdom in respect to Halifax and Esquimalt must be comforting to the imperialist. The precedent of the Imperial War Cabinet is even more comforting. That precedent shows that though Canada will not accept any scheme of common government for the Empire in peace time, the nucleus of the war government of the Commonwealth is already in existence. When war breaks out the Committee of Imperial Defence will, as in the last

war, be "transformed" into the Imperial War Cabinet "to give it the greater power of decision and rapidity of execution which were a necessity to the conduct of the war. . . (and) to include representatives of the Dominions and India".

Mr. R. L. Buell, in a recent pamphlet, argues that until France concludes a military convention with the U.S.S.R. "specifying the precise aid to be given the Soviet Union in case of attack . . . the (Franco-Soviet) alliance remains only of moral importance". Thus, according to Mr. Buell, an alliance without a military convention is only of moral importance. Perhaps military conversations without an alliance are more important than an alliance without a military convention. Perhaps the Anglo-Canadian "entente" is in reality closer to a military alliance than the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Canada and the Outbreak of War

F. R. SCOTT

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE of 1926, in words that are a master-piece of formula-making, defined the Commonwealth members as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and fully associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations". Though the only freedom here accorded was freedom "within" the Empire and subject to the common allegiance, and though later parts of the same report showed that the old assumptions of common defence and foreign policies were not abandoned, nevertheless the principle of equality of status and independent control of domestic and foreign policy is set down clearly enough. In working out the application of this principle during the past decade, however, only domestic matters and the less important aspects of foreign policy have so far been dealt with.

The Dominions have, since 1926, acquired full control over their own shipping; they have power to legislate extra-territorially; they may even set aside by statute any Imperial laws that are still effective within their borders. They may negotiate treaties on their own initiative, using the name of the Crown whom their ministers advise directly; they may open legations in foreign capitals of their own choosing. But what they may or must do in the event of the outbreak of a war involving Great Britain they do not know. This crucial question, the last great constitutional problem facing Commonwealth citizens of this generation, has at last been reached but has not been solved. Indeed, the older

school of imperialists are doing their utmost to see that it is not even discussed, for to discuss it at all is to discard the assumption that the Empire is a unit in war and in peace. Constitutional issues have no place on the official agenda of the Coronation conference now meeting in London.

Stated simply, the question is this: How much longer are the members of the Commonwealth going to allow one of them alone to have the power to declare war and to make peace for all? Does equality of status mean anything if the British Cabinet, responsible only to one party in control of one legislature out of seven, can involve the whole Commonwealth in conflict? Is an obligation to wage war, each for all, the minimum basis of membership in the Commonwealth, or is that a matter, like trade policy, in which autonomy can be allowed?

Let us examine the situation from the point of view of Canada. In August, 1914, the British Cabinet decided that it was necessary to declare war on Germany, and did so. This decision automatically made Canada a belligerent power. The Canadian parliament was not free to decide anything about the matter, except the question whether we should send volunteers or conscripts. In 1919 a treaty of peace was signed, to which the Dominions put their signatures as an indication of their developing status. But even if they had not signed, peace would have descended upon them. This was shown by the Treaty of Lausanne of 1923, which made peace between Canada and Turkey, although Canada did not sign it. In 1924 the recognition of the Soviet Union by Great Britain became immediately effective in Canada, and re-established the official rela-

tions between ourselves and the Soviets which have continued without diplomatic interruption to the present day. The expulsion of the Soviet Trade Commissioner from Canada in 1927, and Mr. Bennett's trade embargo, made no difference to the legal situation. Even the famous Halibut Treaty of 1923, the first formal treaty affecting Canada to be negotiated by a Canadian as sole plenipotentiary, had to be ratified in London by the King through instruments controlled by his British ministers, since no machinery exists in Canada for putting the name of the Crown to any international document on which it is required. The same is true of the recent reciprocity treaty with the United States; though entirely Canadian in origin and effect, it had to make a transatlantic journey before it could be properly signed, sealed and delivered.

We see, then, that the Balfour declaration of 1926 is far from being realized. In foreign affairs we are still semi-colonial. Out of courtesy we are consulted — usually — but in the last resort the critical decision which binds us is made in London. No one would contend for a moment that the Dominions, either singly or together, are as important in world affairs as Great Britain, and if any single member of the Commonwealth is to have the final say in peace and war, then Great Britain is the obvious one. The question, however, is not to decide who is best fitted for this task; the question is whether any single body in the Commonwealth should have that power at all. The Conference of 1926 did not say that the members of the Commonwealth were equal in "stature", but that they were equal in "status", and nations which are co-equals in all matters of domestic and foreign policy should all be equally free to decide when their interests require that they should resort to violence for the settlement of their international disputes. As a Canadian citizen, under a democratic form of political government, I have not only a right, but a duty, to share in the decision as to which women and children shall have bombs dropped on them by Canadian aviators.

The official reply of Mr. King and the present Dominion government to this attitude will fool none but the uninformed. We have no commitments, we are told, and "parliament will decide" what we shall do when war breaks out. This is unpardonably inaccurate and misleading. We are committed in a military sense, in so far as our defence policy is co-ordinated with that of Great Britain, and we have given assurances as to the use of Halifax and Esquimalt harbors by British naval vessels. We are committed politically because the Empire has always been, hitherto, an offensive-defensive alliance, and we have done nothing to indicate that the situation has changed. Until we serve notice of

change, the old order will be presumed to continue; so great an alteration could not be effected by mere silence. The Statute of Westminster may have empowered us to act, but we have not acted. We are committed legally because in Canada we have never taken any steps, as have South Africa and the Irish Free State, to secure control over the constitutional processes by which the royal prerogative in foreign affairs may be exercised, so that there is no way in which a separate declaration of neutrality by Canada could lawfully be issued.

Moreover, the law of the constitution being what it is, on the outbreak of war involving Great Britain, Canadian citizens and Canadian interests would immediately be affected. Canadians resident in the enemy country could be seized and their property confiscated; every Canadian corporation would instantly be compelled to sever all relations with that country, since trading with the enemy is a crime at common law. Does Mr. King not realize that so soon as Great Britain declared war Canada must instantly apply complete economic and financial sanctions against the enemy state? Is that not a "commitment", or is Mr. King using the word in some sense known only to politicians? At the present moment the Canadian parliament can decide nothing on the outbreak of war, except, as in 1914, whether we shall send volunteers or conscripts — unless, of course, we are willing at that critical moment to commit a gross breach of faith with Great Britain and at the same time to change the law of the constitution. Such acts at such a time would be equivalent to secession.

In South Africa and the Irish Free State the first steps toward making Dominion status a reality in foreign affairs have already been taken. In both countries the step is the technical one of acquiring a special Great Seal within the Dominion and empowering some domestic official to place it on documents relating to foreign affairs requiring the royal assent, whenever authorized by the Dominion Cabinet. This may seem a slight and legalistic change, but students of English constitutional history will remember how every stage in the evolution of democracy was attended by a struggle to control the man who kept the royal seals. For all practical purposes the king is where his seal is, and the person who has the seal in his pocket has the king in his pocket. In these two Dominions there is no need to apply to London either for the letters appointing plenipotentiaries to negotiate a treaty, or for the ratification of the treaty after it is signed. His Majesty can be made a party to such a treaty without an Englishman having a word to say. Theoretically, this seal could be placed upon a declaration of neutrality on the outbreak of war, which would notify the enemy state that it was fighting, for

example, George VI as King of England, but not George VI as King of South Africa. If we are ever to evolve a separate right to peace and war, this is the device by which it would constitutionally be made effective. But neither South Africa nor the Irish Free State has yet worked out the practical problems of neutrality, such as the question of nationality, use of harbors by the British navy, and the like, without a solution of which the constitutional right is likely to be an empty form. The proper way of dealing with questions of such magnitude is to have them discussed and settled at an Imperial conference, just as we have settled the other constitutional difficulties arising since the last war. The method of peaceful change is the only alternative to the more forceful solutions which, while they admit the new, often destroy much that was valuable in the old.

To place Canada in the same position as her two sister Dominions, the following steps might immediately be taken, without waiting for the next Imperial conference. The British government might be advised by the Dominion government to request the King to issue new instructions to the Canadian Governor-General. Such a request, under the existing conventions, could not be refused. The new instructions would contain, what the present ones do not, a full delegation of the royal prerogative over foreign affairs insofar as Canada is concerned. The Canadian Governor-General would then become the duly accredited agent of the Crown for the conduct of all the external affairs of Canada. At the same time a new Great Seal for Canada would be struck for use on treaties and other international documents. This changed position of the Governor-General could take place without touching the B.N.A. Act, just as did the change in his position which occurred in 1926 when he ceased to be an agent of the British government. The moment the new instructions were issued, Canada would have full internal control over her declarations of foreign policy, and in addition, notice would be given that henceforth we intended to make our own decisions in such matters. This step should be followed immediately by the initiation of discussions within the Commonwealth upon the technical problems of neutrality. Changes as great as these have taken place in the past without injury to the British nations; and if we want a Commonwealth in which the members are not necessarily obliged to act together in peace and war it is not beyond our powers to create it.

CANADIAN FOREIGN POLICY AND DEFENCE

A Short Reading List of Recent Books and Articles.

Canada, the Empire and the League — a little book containing the lectures given at the Canadian Institute

on Economics and Politics, Lake Couchiching, 1936, and published by Nelsons for the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada. (Reviewed in the January number of the Canadian Forum).

André Siegfried; Canada. (Cape-Nelson; reviewed in the April number of the Canadian Forum. The analysis of a very intelligent and well-informed Frenchman.

Kelsey Club, Winnipeg—Radio Discussions on Defence. These talks were given from Winnipeg over the C.B.C. network on Sunday evenings during this spring. They are published in a small pamphlet obtainable from the C.B.C., Ottawa, for 25 cents.

F. H. Soward — Review article on Canada and Foreign Affairs. (Canadian Historical Review, June, 1936, and June, 1937). The C.H.R. publishes a valuable annual review article on this subject which lists and gives a critical summary of the most significant writing in Canada during the past twelve months.

Interdependence, Vol. 13, Nos. 3 and 4. Report of the discussions at the annual meeting of the League of Nations Society in Canada, May, 1936. The elder statesmen remain firm for the League, but some of the younger members seem to have heard about what is going on in the world.

Debates of the House of Commons, 1937 session. See especially the debates, each lasting for several days, on Mr. Woodsworth's motion of Jan. 25, on a policy of neutrality, and on Mr. MacNeill's motion of Feb. 15, on the defence estimates. The C.C.F. Members of Parliament have collected their speeches in the House on armaments in a five-cent pamphlet—Why Increase Armaments?—obtainable from any C.C.F. office.

Escott Reid—Mr. Mackenzie King's Foreign Policy (Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science, Feb., 1937).

Escott Reid — Canada and the Threat of War, (University of Toronto Quarterly, Jan., 1937).

F. R. Scott—Canada's Future in the British Commonwealth (Foreign Affairs, N.Y., April, 1937).

F. R. Scott—Our Position When Britain Enters War. (McGill Daily, March 3, 1937).

Frank H. Underhill—Keep Canada Out of War. (Maclean's Magazine, May 15, 1937.)

R. M. Dawson—The Imperial Conference (Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science, Feb. 1937). A review of the recent Conferences.

P. E. Corbett — Isolation for Canada? (University of Toronto Quarterly, Oct., 1936). Argues that Canada could not keep out of a British war.

A. R. M. Lower—External Policy and Internal Problems (University of Toronto Quarterly, April, 1937). A searching analysis of the racial composition of the Canadian people and a discussion of whether our interests require participation in another British war.

L. S. Amery—On the Eve of the Imperial Conference, (Foreign Affairs, N.Y., April, 1937). The good old imperialist stuff.

H. V. Hodson—The Imperial Conference and Defence, (Fortnightly, April, 1937). The author is editor of the Round Table. He has accomplished the superhuman task (for an Englishman) of understanding the point of view of the Dominions. Significantly enough, while he tries to show how the local defence of South Africa and Australia fits into a general Commonwealth scheme, he makes no such attempt for Canada.

Canada and the Next War—Round Table, March, 1937.

The Oshawa Strike

FELIX LAZARUS

AT FIRST SIGHT, he looked more like an automobile salesman than an automobile workers' organizer. Slight, neatly dressed, carefully groomed, spats, anything but the popular conception of an "agitator". Even on the platform he did not harangue, did not shout nor orate, but spoke quietly and evenly, with no flights of eloquence or signs of agitation. At the time of his arrival in Oshawa no one could have foretold the virtual political revolution his presence would precipitate in Ontario in three short months. No one could have foretold, least of all Hugh Thompson, auto union organizer, himself.

Hugh Thompson came to Oshawa about three months ago on the request of some workers of the General Motors plant there. The Detroit headquarters of the union were busy settling the strike in the United States. Contrary to all the claims of the *Globe and Mail* and the *Financial Post*, the Committee for Industrial Organization was not launching a drive in Canada, and had not picked Oshawa as the entering point for their invading wedge. They were much too busy on their own side of the line. It just happened that at that time, with no union yet organized in Oshawa, a spontaneous strike of about three hundred auto workers had broken out in one of the departments. Some of the men phoned the Detroit union headquarters for assistance and Hugh Thompson, being the only one available at that time, was sent up to look over the situation. That is how it all started. And that's how Hugh Thompson first met the Ontario Government, in the person of Louis Fine, chief conciliation officer for the province.

Mr. Fine was busy. He was busy telling a meeting of the strikers that they really should be good boys and go back to work and give the company's new scheme of wage-cutting at least a trial. It is also said that he advised them not to listen to the C.I.O. man who was waiting out in the corridor for an opportunity to speak. The man waiting in the corridor was Hugh Thompson. Apparently Mr. Fine's advice was not heeded, for the men listened to Mr. Thompson, and all three hundred men at the meeting signed up in the union right then.

In a month there were so many members in the union, Local 222 of the United Automobile Workers of America, that the foremen and straw bosses and "supers" in the General Motors plant began treating the men like human beings. That was something new, and without precedent. They had just elected their officers but couldn't get a hall large enough

to hold the membership for an installation meeting. The hockey arena "didn't want their kind of an organization". A subsequent hockey-match was a failure through lack of attendance. The Department of National Defence stalled on renting the armories. The board of education turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that they rent the collegiate auditorium. The union announced that it would hold its membership meeting at the "four corners", the busiest corner in Oshawa, at noon on Saturday. They got the Collegiate.

The events that followed are well-known to anyone who does not read the *Globe and Mail*. A bargaining committee was chosen by the members representing each department in the plant. The outstanding demand at the time was a forty-hour week and time and one-half for overtime. The company had promised to introduce it by April first, but they would not even meet the committee to discuss it if Thompson were to be included. They would only meet with a committee of their own employees. The men insisted that they had the right to choose Thompson to represent them, even as the company had the right to employ a lawyer on their side. But the company said no. So Thompson withdrew.

In his stead, Charles Millard, General Motors employee and recently elected local president, who was also an organizer for the U.A.W.A., was made union representative on the committee. The company said it would meet Millard as an employee but not as a U.A.W.A. organizer. The men insisted. They took a strike vote by closed ballot, (attention *Globe and Mail*), and gave the shop stewards the power to set the time. Three times the company changed its mind about recognizing Millard as a union representative, and three times Thompson pleaded with the men to postpone the dead-line set for strike action. It was postponed. If anyone has ever tried to prevent a strike, it was Hugh Thompson at that time. He almost lost his control over the men. But he kept them from striking.

Enter Mitchell F. Hepburn. The C.I.O. will never be recognized. The citizens of Ontario will never tolerate lawlessness and sit-downs. British democracy must be maintained. And so the strike was on.

The strike has now been settled. The tumult and the shouting has died, except in the editorial rooms of the *Globe and Mail*, and amongst the boards of strategy of the Grits and Tories.

Was the C.I.O. recognized? Nobody ever asked for its recognition. That would be tantamount to

recognizing, simultaneously, all the other unions affiliated with the C.I.O. But the United Automobile Workers International Union, local 222, was recognized, for Charlie Millard signed the agreement as president of the union. That is all that was and is ever asked by any union anywhere. The Globe's ignorance in this matter is either stupid or misleading. In either case it's inexcusable.

Mr. Hepburn insists that he is not against organized labor. In fact, he says, he thinks labor has the right to choose any organization it wishes to belong to, providing it chooses some respectable labor body like the A. F. of L. He forgets, of course, or does not know, that the A. F. of L. is no more respectable than the C.I.O., that its unions have fought some of the bloodiest battles in American labor history, and that violence in labor tactics is not a matter of lack of respectability, but a matter of self-defence for labor. Mr. Hepburn's attention, as well as that of the Globe and Mail, is drawn to the recent disclosures in the United States of the wholesale corruption and even company-backed murder of union organizers and members by sheriffs and deputies in the mining districts of Hanlan County, Kentucky.

The difference between the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. is not respectability. The difference is that a C.I.O. affiliate is organizing amongst the miners in the North Country. Says Mr. Hepburn on April 19 in the Globe, "let me tell Lewis and his gang that they'll never get their greedy paws on the mines of Northern Ontario so long as I am prime minister." He meant, of course, that they'll never get their greedy paws on the mines so long as his friends have their greedy paws on them. Then again, "If the C.I.O. wins in Oshawa it will get into the mines and send stocks tumbling". Mr. Hepburn will never live that statement down. It seems, then, that what is wrong with the C.I.O. unions is not their foreign origin, Mr. Hepburn, nor their lawlessness and sit-down tactics, Mr. McCullagh, but their effectiveness. Now if only they were not so effective they would be as welcome as the A.F. of L.

Mr. Hepburn's goal, says the Post, is to rout the C.I.O. To this end he intends to use four weapons. First, through the Industrial Standards Act and the new Minimum Wage Act, he hopes to remove the fertile fields on which C.I.O. agents sow their seeds of discontent, hostility and disruption. Second, he hints at the use of armed force, not only to preserve law and order, but to "shake the C.I.O. loose from any foothold it may gain". Third, a strike-breaking policy of no relief for strikers. Fourth, "employing existing powers and evolving others . . . to ensure that a proper degree of responsibility shall be required of labor organizations in Ontario."

This last, of course, is a rewording of his threat

to license trade unions. But Mr. Hepburn himself is sceptical about his plan. When asked what he would do with the old, established unions, that are now affiliated with the C.I.O., he remarked that such aspects made the problem a complicated one, and that he had arrived at no definite conclusion.

Mr. Hepburn's greatest complication will come when he finds that he has prodded into existence a labor party on a serious scale. This is only natural, of course. It is true Mr. Rowe is trying to build up a fiction of Conservative love for labor, but this is so foreign to the conscience of true Tories like Col. Drew that that party is split wide open. Nobody, least of all a Conservative, can believe that fiction. It sounds too much like Alice in Wonderland.

A labor Party consisting of bodies of affiliated trade unions in industrial communities is the only logical outcome of the present industrial and political situation in Ontario. This was evident two weeks after the union was organized in Oshawa. When the use of the Collegiate Auditorium and the Armories was refused them, the first thing the men started to discuss was the nomination of union members for municipal offices at the next elections. With four thousand members in their ranks, and with the families and relatives of these members, they knew that their political power was supreme. They learned from actual experience in two weeks what years of propaganda might have failed to teach. From municipal labor politics it is only a step to the provincial and federal fields. Already the strained silence of the local old-party politicians in Oshawa during the strike has condemned them to political extinction. And as the present unionization drive continues and grows throughout Ontario and Canada, so the sentiment for a labor party will continue and grow.

Where does the C.C.F. fit into the picture? The C.C.F. should be the bond between organized labor and organized agriculture. Workers who voted Liberal and Conservative at the last elections cannot be expected to become Socialists overnight, but when organized into unions they do understand, from the opposition of governments to their unions, the necessity for independent labor political action.

The next Ontario elections will see labor candidates in many ridings. In those areas where the C.C.F. has been active in promoting unionism, C.C.F. candidates will receive labor backing. In some places perhaps, unions will apply for affiliation to the C.C.F. The farmers generally, as a body, in the opinion of this writer, will stand opposed to labor. But labor will, nevertheless, be well represented in the next provincial parliament, thanks to Mr. Hepburn.

Clerical Fascism in Quebec

EUGENE FORSEY

QUEBEC has been for some time the scene of a formidable, carefully organized campaign to transform the province into a clerical-Fascist state. A little over a year ago the St. Jean Baptiste Society set up a Committee of Economic Defence. The members of this committee had already decided that, if French-Canadians were to become masters of their own economic fate ("keep our own money and attract that of the other peoples"), they must "group themselves together . . . by creating social corporations". Then it would be possible to "keep their capital for themselves". Thus "the people which for a hundred years has built the number of churches which we possess will certainly be able, under a national direction, to build factories to make the essentials of what we consume".

This was the "project elaborated in 1935". In 1936, the members of the committee "ripened it in the light of the teachings of the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. After having verified the conclusions, M. Esdras Minville submitted them to the *Semaine sociale* of Three Rivers (an annual gathering devoted to this sort of thing, under the patronage of the hierarchy) "where they received the warmest welcome. Among several testimonies of approval we shall mention only that of *la Semaine religieuse* of the diocese of Montreal".

Thus the printed report of the committee, adopted by the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Montreal on January 14, 1937. The report proceeds: "For 1937 we ask you to be kind enough to continue your confidence and to authorize us to realize corporative organization. This work will necessitate the formation of groups for study and action in each region and parish. We must proceed to the census which we have already discussed with you, Once the compilation of the names by occupations have been made, we shall call together our compatriots according to their trade or profession and try to persuade them to organize themselves in corporations. Meanwhile, section committees will organize the economic-social action of the parish, attacking the problem of unemployment and lending aid to the young. Where circumstances are propitious, we propose to organize competitions in literary composition with prizes, on subjects related to our program. Thus, while those of our generation constitute themselves in corporations, the young will acquire the knowledge necessary to the realization of corporatism. They will make themselves its propagandists and prepare themselves to complete the work we have begun".

In the prosecution of this holy work the St. Jean Baptiste Society has not been letting the grass grow under its feet. One of the initiators of the project, M. Valmore Gratton, has become chief of the Industrial Commission of the City of Montreal, in which position he busies himself spreading reports that industry keeps away from Montreal because of labor troubles(!) The "census" referred to above is apparently already under way. A very complete and detailed organization is being set up, a hierarchy of "committees", "directors" and "centurions". Each centurion has charge of a hundred families, with an assistant centurion for each fifty families. Everyone concerned is told to keep mum.

How far has the campaign got? *La Presse*, in a single issue (February 24) reports: (1) The opening of new quarters in St. Eusèbe ward (2126 Fullum Street, 2125 Harmony Street) by "zone 3" of "l'Action corporative nationale", with regular meetings to be held every Wednesday; (2) The list of lectures on "Social Corporatism" arranged by the Alliance of Catholic Teachers of Montreal, with the help of *l'Ecole Sociale Populaire* (which has been spreading this propaganda for some time); (3) A speech by M. Victor Barbeau, professor at the School of Higher Commercial Studies of the University of Montreal and one of the initiators of the Committee of Economic Defence, to the junior *Chambre de Commerce*. At the head table were, among others: "MM Rodolphe Laplante, publiciste de la Banque Provinciale; Maurice Trudeau, président de la Fédération des Chambres de Commerce cadettes de la province de Québec; M. Boucher, président de la Chambre de Commerce cadette de Joliette; Rosario Gaudry, chef du secrétariat de la Chambre de Commerce du district de Montreal". M. Barbeau's subject was: "If democracy does not die". He described our existing society as "from the political point of view a mass of braggarts, and from the national point of view a body without a soul. Are we going to bow our heads before destiny; are we going to continue to be gnawed by anaemia and rickets? Several countries of Europe have changed their regime, that is to say, have made a new skin. We must, in our day, indoctrinate the people just as one cures a tubercular patient or a criminal. It is by evolution that our civilization will recover its equilibrium. A world is falling to pieces, a new order is arising, for the spirit is renewing itself and the liberation of the spirit brings with it that of institutions. We must drown Communists in the flood of our speeches, and that is the strongest solu-

tion of our difficulties. Let us interrogate ourselves on the fate of democracy and its most lamentable expression, liberalism, and one can say as much of conservatism. We have played out trumps under these two colors and they have lost their colors in our minds. Liberalism and conservatism embrace beliefs which render impossible the solution of our grave problems. What is the remedy for the ills from which we suffer if it is not professional organization, or in other words corporatism. Professional organization stimulates private initiative, protects the rights of individuals, substitutes order for mess in production and distribution and humanizes the relations between capital and labor. When we have succeeded in setting up corporatism in our social relations we must then establish it in the domain of public affairs under the form of a professional parliament'.

Far more significant than any of this is the fact that the Cardinal (who, Mr. Duplessis tells us, inspired the Padlock Act) has now placed himself openly at the head of the "corporatist" campaign. On April 17, at a dinner of the A.C.J.C. (Association Canadienne de la Jeunesse Catholique), the federation of French-Canadian Catholic Youth organizations, he lamented at some length the rise of anti-clericalism and the growing lack of respect for the directions of the bishops, and demanded "full corporatism". This is to be the antidote to "Communism", which, as the church well knows, is of negligible importance in Canada, and to anti-clericalism, which, on the contrary, has become strong enough to frighten the hierarchy nearly out of its wits.

The spearhead of the clerical-Fascist attack, however, is not speeches or lectures. It is the organization of "Catholic trade unions". These, which claim about 38,000 members in Quebec, which already count more members in Quebec than any other type of union, "answer exactly", says Father Archambault, "to the desires of the Sovereign Pontiff". Small wonder! they are completely under the control of the clergy. By a happy coincidence they also answer very nicely to the desires of the employers. Again small wonder, for they are based on the proposition that workers should "love and agree with" their employers and should strike only as a last resort (whatever that may mean), and never in public services or public utilities. (See the Dominion Department of Labor's Report on Labor Organization, 1932, and other years. Some recent issues of the report omit this interesting information). Father Archambault also speaks of "collective labor agreements" (i.e., those made binding in law) as a "stage in the establishment of the corporative system".

The technique is to organize a Catholic union (numbers unspecified), make an "agreement" with

the employers, and have this made binding under the Collective Labor Agreements Extension Act. Any international union is then faced with a fait accompli. The industry has a union (and a Canadian one at that; no foreign "agitators"!); the employers have recognized it and bargained collectively with it, reaching an agreement with which they are perfectly satisfied (like a shark with a herring); and wages and hours are fixed by law for a definite period, often several years. Any attempt to organize a genuine union is represented as at best superfluous; a strike becomes of doubtful legality.

Recent events in the dress industry in Montreal exhibit an improved version of this technique. On April 10 the Quebec Official Gazette published an agreement between the Dress Manufacturers' Guild and La Ligue Catholique des Ouvrières de l'Industrie de l'Aiguille de la Province de Québec and La Fédération Nationale du Vêtement. On April 15 the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union called a strike. The Dress Manufacturers' Guild promptly burst into the usual hysterics about the C.I.O. and "foreign agitators", and made clear its preference for the Catholic unions. Such a display of Catholic piety in such a quarter (most of the dress manufacturers are Jewish), could not go unrewarded.

Church authorities intervened publicly to give their support to the Catholic unions, suggesting that the international unions are hostile to Catholicism and that the I.L.G.W.U. has communistic tendencies. They appear to have overlooked the trifling fact that the Catholic unions had made an agreement which violated the law of the province. Order number 10a of the Minimum Wage Commission decreed for the whole province minimum wages of \$7 a week for 15 per cent. of the employees, \$10 for 20 per cent., and \$12.50 for 65 per cent. The agreement between the employers and the Catholic unions (Quebec Official Gazette, April 10, 1937, p. 1410) sets, in the Montreal district, wages of \$8 for 20 per cent. of the workers, \$10.50 for 20 per cent., \$12.50 for 30 per cent., and \$14 for 30 per cent.; in the rest of the province \$7.20 for 20 per cent., \$9.45 for 20 per cent., \$11.25 for 30 per cent., and \$12.50 for 30 per cent. Press statements add that where the Catholic unions ask \$8 to \$14, the U.L.G.W.U. asks \$12.50 to \$30. This is the "efficacious protection" of the workers' "material interests" which Cardinal Villeneuve approves! This, however, is less surprising than it may seem, for French-Canadian clerical literature is full of admonitions against "luxurious" living among the working class.

On April 28, the provincial government took a hand in the game. The Minister of Labor telegraphed Raoul Trepanier, president of the Montreal Trades and Labor Council and chairman of the

strike committee, "requesting" "acceptance of arbitration within twenty-four hours and return of employees to work. Your refusal will justify the department in considering seriously all acts of conspiracy in view of creating intolerable disorders". The I.L.G.W.U. was willing to arbitrate on everything except the closed shop, and said so. Next day the deputy minister of labor gave assurances that the telegram had not been an "ultimatum" but only a "warning". On April 30, representatives of the I.L.G.W.U., the Catholic unions and the provincial department of labor met in conference. The Catholic and international unions agreed that a closed shop was essential, and the international union said it was willing to see a fair representation of the Catholic unions on the joint committee set up to administer any collective contract made binding under the Collective Labor Agreements Extension Act. It proposed a ballot of all workers employed before the strike, under the supervision of a board of three (one from the I.L.G.W.U., one from the Catholic union, one from the department of labor), to decide which union the workers wished to be represented by. The Catholic unions did not take the bet. They insisted they had a contract with the Dress Manufacturers' Guild, and all the workers in guild shops must be treated as belonging to the Catholic unions. The conference accordingly broke down, and a few hours later the province was electrified to hear that

the prime minister had ordered the arrest, "without bail", of Bernard Shane, manager of the I.L.G.W.U., and Raoul Trepanier, on four counts of conspiracy against public order. Mr. Duplessis has since explained that he did not "order" the judges not to grant bail (which, of course, he has no legal right to do), but merely "requested" them to act in this way. It took five days for him to produce this explanation. He is also reported to have said that "We will not stand for any Communistic influence". After a week-end of rumors and protests, it was suddenly announced that the order for the arrests had been rescinded for lack of evidence. The same day a similar charge against seven officials of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, by a private firm, was withdrawn for the same reason.

The international unions in Quebec have been fighting for their lives, fighting not only the power of the employers but also the immense prestige and influence of the hierarchy in an overwhelmingly Roman Catholic community, with the provincial government playing a rather equivocal part. Happily, the I.L.G.W.U. has won the first round, with its victory in the strike. But the danger is not yet over. The rest of Canada will do well to watch the later stages of this struggle in Quebec. For the victory or defeat of international trade unionism may decide the fate of democracy in this province for some years to come.

A Roman Holiday

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

THIS IS STATION Q-U-O-D, broadcasting from Rome on a wave-length of 36.8 standard cubits under the authority of the Committee of Fifteen for Regulating the Hot Air. We will now transfer you, radio listeners, to the Circus Maximus where Balbus Ballihoolius, your popular announcer, will bring you a ringside report of the first big day of the Ludi Maximi now being produced under the distinguished patronage of his Imperial Highness Nero. Take it away, Balb!

* * *

(Music) Radio pals, get up on your hind legs wherever you are all over this great big Empire of ours, because that's the band of the First Battalion of the Praetorian Guard, Marcus Marcius Marcianus officer commanding (and I'll tell the world he knows how to command! got a bark like a Molossian bull-pup and a jaw like a Gaetulian lion!) — well, now, where was I at, folks? Oh yes, well, the band is playing "God Save the Noble Princeps," and the Emperor Nero has just taken his place in the imperial box, which is just about 25 cubits to my left. You know, folks, the main axis of this

great big Circus — and when I say "big" I want you folks out there in Macedonia to know I mean "big" — well, the main axis of this Circus, the biggest in the world, and perhaps that'll hold you blowhards out in Ephesus — well, the main axis of this arena runs just about due east and west, so his Highness is on my east side, while the big shot who's putting on this show, the right honorable Senator Petronius, Q.E.D., L.C., is just about opposite me on the south edge, in the aedile's box, and, boys, while your women-folk are putting some wine on the snow in the little old family ice-box — and don't forget if you need anything in that line the "Lucullus" type of ice-box, the ice-box that keeps things Kool, Kool with a "K", that's the trade-mark — well, as I was saying, while the girls are mixing up the next cocktail, let me tell you boys that those are some gals the Senator has in his box today; kinda makes me wish this mike and me was on the south side of this here Circus. I'd like to give you a line too on the Emperor's girl friends — God bless him, and them too! — but by special request of the royal family and the imperial government all refer-

ence to them is being omitted from the broadcasts of Q-U-O-D and other Roman stations for the present, and Q-U-O-D is always glad to oblige their Highnesses by suppressing anything they ask us to, even if it's news. Q-U-O-D is 100 per cent. loyal.

Wow, did you hear that roar, radio fans? Do you know what that was all about? Well, fans, I just wish you were here to see those great big yellow, ferocious man-eating Libyan lions that have just entered the arena from alley 25 — no, — correction — it's alley 23, fans. Boy, oh boy, some pussies, some pussies! Fans, I hope I don't meet up with any of them when I hit out for my happy hunting grounds in the Subura tonight. Any you boys ever been in Rome? Well, you know the good old Subura, where the lights and the wine are both red like the rose, but I guess we'll pipe down on that; there's a cop here in a tin helmet giving me the sour-face! Hope I don't meet him tonight either! Now, these pussies! They're kind of looking us spectators over, folks, and personally, your old friend Balbus Ballihoolius, the broadcaster, is feeling very happy about that fifteen cubit wall that keeps him and the pussies nicely apart. Wow, wow and WOW! Do you get that yell from the bleachers? Say, folks, the whole mob — 79,331 paid admissions and the Emperor himself — are on their feet howling their heads off as the world's finest spearmen, bar none, and let that hold you, Macedonia, enter the arena from their dressing-room all got up in their new uniforms specially designed for this unique occasion by Burrus Brothers, 21st Street of the Tuscans, makers of the world's finest military and civil outfits, and tailors to his Imperial Majesty. Please don't forget, friends, while this vast audience is getting seated again, that this empire-wide broadcast is being sponsored by the makers of "Lucullus" wine-Koolers (Kool with a "K") and by Burrus Brothers, world's largest makers of Klassy Klothes. Get your new toga with the fashionable Spartan hitch from Burrus Brothers, and your cocktail out of that new "Lucullus" Kooler will taste a lot better. Burrus togas bring out your manly beauty and help that S. A., so look out, girls, when your he-men sport Burrus Klassy Klothes. Whoosh! folks, whoosh! Say, one of those pussies is a regular hell-cat and no mistake. Just when I was giving you that tip about Burrus togas, this cat makes a jump at Dionysius Thrax, that's the new rookie from Athens, Greece, that's holding down the left wing position on this line of four now going into the attack. Well, sir, as I was saying, she makes a jump, but Thrax, this rookie, is neat on his feet, and he just side-steps her and — What's all the noise? Just a moment folks, and no grouching out there in Hispania Baetica either, and I'll find out just what's what. Well, fans, this rookie is some

guy. He does a little side-stepping just when pussie does her running broadjump and as she flashes past he gives her the butt-end of his heavy hunting javelin right in the short ribs, and is she a sick cat? Looks like there's some trouble over that play. The Emperor's raising, well, you know what, about something. We'll get something for you from the loud-speaker outfit in a moment. Here it comes: "His Royal Highness doesn't want any funny work on the sand today; players are to play the game." Nero says that goes for the lions too; pretty hard to beat his Majesty for a real good wisecracker, folks, and we don't like him any the less for that, do we, God bless him! That rookie Thrax'll have to watch his stuff; there's things that go in Athens, Greece, Mr. Rookie, that we Romans just won't stand for. Still, Thrax is a good boy, and — wow! Holy Jiminy! Labrax charged that big bull-lion in centre, but he lost his footing and HE'S DOWN! Folks, this looks —

* * *

We pause here for station identification. This is station Q-U-O-D, Rome, Italy, broadcasting the opening of the Ludi Maximi in the Circus Maximus. This broadcast is heard throughout the Roman Empire on the network of the Imperial Public Audition System with 48 stations on its Green Concatenation, and in Parthia over the boundary to boundary network of the Royal Parthian Broadcasting Corporation as an international exchange feature. We now return you to the ringside of the Circus Maximus, at exactly five seconds after the ninth hour, Central Augustan Time. This correct time comes to you by the courtesy of the Pomponius Atticus Waterclock Company. Waterclocks for every purpose and for every purse, from pocket-models to townhall towers. Patented trade name Klepsydra, K-le-p-s-y-d-r-a, pronounced Klepsydra, accent on the first syllable. If time means anything to you make it a Klepsydra. And you fathers and mothers, now that the schools of rhetoric are getting ready to hand the hard-earned parchments out to this year's graduates, how about a business man's model Klepsydra for that husky gladiator you call "son", or a nice little wrist movement for the best-looking girl in all Italy (and we'll throw in the provinces)? All right, Balb, take it away. Just a minute. Flash: legions on the Rhine reported in state of mutiny; threaten to march on capital immediately. All right, Balb, you take her!



Contemporary Canadian Artists

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

No. 5---John Lyman

IN THE CONTEMPORARY field of Canadian art, John Lyman has always been a puzzle to those who seem to pigeonhole artists as belonging to one group or one particular school of thought. And since it is but a small step from being puzzled to being angry, Lyman, in the course of his long and artistically distinguished career, has been more misunderstood and less appreciated than any front rank artist in Canada. As a young man in Montreal, just before the war, he was accused of being both radical and incompetent; later, when he lived for a number of years in Paris, he was branded as unpatriotic; finally, when some five years ago, he returned to his native land, and began exhibiting again, he was denounced for not being "Canadian".

The explanation is comparatively simple; though a superb painter, Lyman is an individualist, with a very personal art. This means that though his art is easily accessible, it demands and amply repays a careful study to savor to the full its depth, sensitivity, and extraordinary good taste; and careful study is what people, as a rule, are not prepared to give. The essential simplicity and monumentality of Lyman's work are apparent at first glance — as in the portrait reproduced opposite; but beneath this is an understanding of form, an awareness of decorative values, great skill in conveying textures, and a subtlety of color which, when fully realized, make its simplicity even more telling. And these purely artistic qualities are united and fused with representational qualities by that prime essential to all fine art — deep feeling.

"Feel truly; all the rest is eyewash", says Lyman with engaging frankness; and one's chief impression of "Lady with a white collar" is that the artist was feeling deeply and intensely while he was painting it; how else that austerity, that sensation of "bigness", that restraint which barely conceals—rather underlines — the almost passionate sincerity of its conception and execution? "I try", says Lyman, "to put the pervasive and permanent into a familiar or particular mould." In other words, this lady with her white collar, is not merely a portrait of Mrs. X—though she is that, and an extremely good one. But in addition she is symbolic — perhaps an abstraction would be a better word, of all that the artist saw and felt as to both representational and formal qualities while he was painting her. She has become — as most subject matter in the

hands of fine artists becomes—a peg on which to hang thoughts and sensations, a starting point from which to explore the myriad intertwinings of the visible and the formal worlds.

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

Thus Blake — poet and painter. And as usual, he has laid his finger on the essence of fine art, which is to see the general in the particular. That is why this white-collared lady is enigmatic, has depth and mystery; that is why, though she is so neatly and delicately formed, she yet has that monumental quality.

Lyman was born in Biddeford, Maine, in 1886, but came to Montreal as a baby, and, apart from a long sojourn in Paris, has lived there since. He began studying architecture at South Kensington, later turned to painting with Julian and Henri-Matisse, who gave him "the impetus to be myself". Himself — simple, unaffected, feeling deeply and eschewing the striking and the showy — Lyman has been ever since. Long recognized abroad, and by a small circle of discriminating Montrealers, his show at the Valentine Gallery, New York, late last year, was a successful indication that he is coming into his own. But for those interested in Canadian art, it is perhaps, more absorbing to know that in five years his environment and his European training have joined with his sensitiveness and individuality to produce something in Canadian landscape that speaks with a new and influential voice.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

W. H. Alexander is head of the department of classics and Dean of Arts in the University of Alberta.

Felix Lazarus is a member of the C.C.Y.M. who has recently been doing trade union organization work.

Anne Angus has published poetry in many journals. She is the wife of Prof. H. F. Angus of the University of British Columbia.



Short Story Contest---A Report

EARLE BIRNEY

A Review of the Competition

THE FACT that fifty Canadian writers from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island, submitted sixty-five stories for the "Canadian Forum" prize, is in itself perhaps a sufficient justification for the contest. A truly national competition has been created. Although Ontario and Toronto accounted for half the entries, each province was represented, and there were a dozen from British Columbia alone.

In this quantity there were few which did not show some talent and promise of its development. Some, of course, could be quickly eliminated; one or two exceeded the required length; a few sent unsuccessful imitations of the MacLean's *Revenge-in-the-Northland* formula, or macabre attempts to write at one and the same time like both Edgar Wallace and G. A. Henty. Others slid in faintly disguised tracts on God, Social Credit, Anarchism, or all three.

The majority, however, were clearly trying to tell stories about people they knew. Of these, twenty-four had specific Canadian settings and, although such location was not required by the rules of the competition, it is a fact which should be encouraging to the advocates of "regionalism". The difficulty was that most of these settings were local habitations in name only; there may be little difference in the rural idioms and idiocies of British Columbians and Nova Scotians, but there certainly are distinctions in their traditions and in their natural scenery. Such mutations, vital in any literature, were especially ignored by the dozen who for their theme chose love, whether sacred or profane (it was mainly the latter). Lurve may be the same the whole world over, but it is surely the business of the story-writer to make it seem just a little different each time. The young hobo who blossoms with pure passion for a hobelle in a box-car on a Winnipeg siding ought to sound at least some overtones of character which would distinguish him from the dying biologist pursued by a middle-aged nurse in an Egyptian hospital. But in the stories I have in mind their characters were interchangeable. The only phenomenon which may be definitely Canadian about the love-stories was that in most of them the female was unquestionably the hunter. This may have a relation to the surplus of women in our population, or merely to the fact that a surplus of these tales — and a high proportion of all the entries — were written by women.

The bulk of the stories were, quite explainably, attempts at depression literature. Half a dozen

focussed on strikes, as many more on the disintegrating effects of unemployment, on fatal accidents to workers, or the tragic aftermaths of war. There were a dozen studies of exploited toilers, ranging from teachers and bank clerks to Great Lakes sailors, domestic servants, farmwives, delivery boys, and bootleggers' assistants. There was even one somewhat satiric study of a Quebec unit of the Communist Party.

Such stories made up most of the best submitted, and also most of the worst. A number of eloquent attacks on capitalism had to be quickly, even if regretfully discarded because, although they told stories they did not tell them about recognizable human beings. It is quite within the bounds of the short story to present homeless unemployed lads who, through little fault of their own, come to death beneath the wheels of freight trains. Indeed, the fact that three stories had that identical theme is a testimony to the awareness of the Canadian amateur writer to the more significant tragedies of our day. But to be a "proletarian" artist it is not enough to voice the protests of workers; it is necessary also to be an artist, to shape material painstakingly into an illusion of life. One contestant allowed his dying freight-hopper to gaze at his dismembered limbs, from which the blood poured like fountains, and then calmly and lengthily to review the economic causes, the "slump in the prices of agricultural products", etc., which led to their dismemberment. This writer was more concerned with pamphleteering than with short-story writing. Indeed, a number of the most earnestly proletarian writers, in this contest as in left-wing writing generally, have curious ways of insulting the working class. They make the fight for socialism seem much easier than it is: a hard-bitten young factory boss is suddenly converted into granting wage-increases and a general good time to his employees when he learns that his father is one of the strike leaders, and that his poor old mother has died. It might happen, but ninety-nine per cent. of strikes are not won so accidentally, and to ignore that fact takes away, somehow, from the heroism of the workers' struggle. Then there are those who seem to think that the "lower classes" should be written about only in words of not more than five letters (including as many damns as will fit in), with a careful absence of anything unusual in phrasing and anything usual in punctuation or spelling. There is a notion that a class-conscious carpenter must be physically a burly orang-outang who talks either in confused monosyllables or in the

scholastic periods of Marx's "Value and Surplus-Value". Such writers are, perhaps, not sharp enough Marxists to realize that there is nothing too good for the worker, who should not be written down to any more than he should be written up to, and that it is surely the business of proletarian literature to make, out of the half-realized emotions and incoherent thoughts of workers, some clear, coherent and moving representation of their lives.

None of the proletarian entries achieved such an ideal, though some few came short of it only through a certain inexperience in writing. The best of the latter were submitted by Matt Armstrong of Dunnville, Ontario, and Guy Mason of Truro, N.S. Their stories, together with those of Laura Hunter (Victoria), Yvonne Firkins (Vancouver), and Miss Mary Saxe and Mrs. John Bird of Montreal, will appear in the columns of the "Canadian Forum" during the summer and autumn. In the July issue we will publish John R. Fisher's "The Young Lieutenant", a fine, dramatic story of a young

Canadian officer who was sent to arrest his friend for desertion. The judges unanimously agreed to single Mr. Fisher's story out for Honorable Mention, and to award the prize, by a narrow margin, to Mrs. Luella Creighton for her sensitive study "The Cornfield", which appears in this issue. Though less ambitious in theme than many others submitted "The Cornfield" won points over all competitors for the sheer quality of its writing and for its successful handling of difficult material: the subtleties of a child's inner life. There is no over-writing, and no help from fortuitously violent material. To put it shortly, Mrs. Creighton's entry won because, in the opinion of the judges, it was the best written.

The "Canadian Forum" offers its congratulations to Mrs. Creighton, and its warm thanks to Mr. Bertram Brooker and Mr. Morley Callaghan, who joined with the Literary Editor in judging the entries.

EARLE BIRNEY.

The Winning Story---The Cornfield

LUELLA BRUCE CREIGHTON

VIRGINIA came east to the Mennonite farm when the elderberries were in blossom. Ruth and she escaped from the yellow-floored kitchen to the elderbushes east of the orchard. They made wreaths of the lovely, flat, feathery clusters, and pretended that they were bridal wreaths. They brought tea towels out and hung them down their backs, for bridal veils. They stuck elderblossoms in all the holes in their braids. Their heads were foamy white with the delicate clusters.

But the little boys sneaked over the edge of the woodpile, and looked at them, as they laughed at the fresh young reflections in a pocket mirror that Virginia had. The little boys ran and told. They were always tagging after Ruth and Virginia. Ruth's mother came as far as the driving shed, and called them to the house, to help peel potatoes for dinner. She told them it was vain and wrong to deck themselves so. They need not think, she said, that it made any improvement in their looks. "... let women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

Ruth gathered the impression that St. Paul expressly forbade the decking of little girls' hair with elderberry blossoms. But Virginia looked with stony eyes at her step-aunt. It was so evident that she at least would never sin in the manner of clothing, her fat, shapeless mass of body. Virginia

was terrified of her, seeming so large and dark and righteous, with the rows and rows of tiny black braids wound all about her smooth, fat face. Something within Virginia told her that what the woman said was false. She was left frightened, but not wounded.

When they went into the kitchen the youngest baby was nearly asleep, rolling vaguely about on the rug near the stove. Virginia picked him up, and sat down on a hand-whittled rocker, to lull him. But Ruth's mother snatched him from her, almost fiercely, and said, "Here! You don't know how to hold a baby." She laughed as she always did, at Virginia, with a kind of leer. It was sickening to see. Virginia loathed Ruth's mother, who was holding the baby close to her high-necked dress, rocking him slowly. When she was rocking the baby she did not look cruel, only smug and impassive, then.

Virginia and Ruth peeled the potatoes, and Ruth's peeling was three times as thin as Virginia's. Ruth's mother looked at the peeling and said, "Waste not, want not". She laid the baby in the brown, hand-made cradle, and poured the boiling water over the potatoes in the iron kettle. Virginia stared at her, hoping that she might scald her hand, or become hurt in some way. But she never could be hurt. She was entirely impregnable.

When she was married, Ruth's mother said, she was so slender that her waist was just the size of a

quart jar, measured round. And she could put her hand in the top of a lamp chimney, the small size, with her hand clenched. Virginia did not believe it. She was so spreading now, and walked like a hen, in her heaviness. This baby, asleep in the cradle, was the eighth. All boys but Ruth, the fourth child.

Virginia used to dream, before she went to sleep, of Silvanus, the second boy, who was fourteen. How she would go away, and not come back until she was grown up. Sixteen. Silvanus would be twenty, then. He would be standing at the rick, with a fork in his hand, all alone. She would come down the back lane, very, very pretty, and smiling, in a white dress. And Silvanus would jump down from the hay, and come to meet her, in the sun, slowly.

At that point Virginia would go to sleep, because she had no idea what would happen next. Only that the meeting was somehow to be the climax of the whole thing.

After supper, when she could get out of helping to dry the dishes, Virginia went back the lane, with the big boys, to take the cows to the back pasture. Ruth's mother did not like Virginia to go. "It's a pity that child hasn't something to keep her busy, always running out to the barn after the boys." She said it loudly enough for Virginia to hear.

It was lovely, back the lane. There were maple trees and mountain ash trees, all along the sides, and part of the way there was a stump fence. On the east side, next to the pasture, lay the rolling cornfield. The children waited all summer for the stalks to grow high enough to play hide-and-go-seek in the corn. By the early fall, when the stalks were tall and dry, the cornfield was perfect. Virginia and Ruth left the hired girl to do the dishes. They went back the lane. The little boys went as far as the cornfield, and waited until the rest came over from the pasture field. It was just the beginning of the dark. Silvanus walked beside Virginia. Virginia was illumined with excitement.

"Last to the gate is IT!"

They all set off running furiously. One of the little boys was IT. The others rushed off through the corn, and vanished, while the little boy counted to a hundred by fives. The little boys were caught first. Then they all searched together, all up and down the long rows of tall corn.

Virginia ran with Silvanus right down to the very end of the cornfield, farther from "Home" than they had ever gone before. There was a slight roll in the middle of the field, and even when they sat on fence posts they could not see the gate where "home" was. They could hear the shouts of the little boys, hunting between the rustling rows, for them. The trick was, usually, to hide on the ground

while the searcher passed by, and then to make a rush for the gate.

Silvanus and Virginia sat utterly still, on their fenceposts. They did not dare to talk, for fear of being heard. They had nothing to say to each other, in words, either.

"One, two, three for Ruth!"

Up and down the rows the children ran, swishing noisily through the corn.

"HOME FREE!" Ruth's voice came over the cornfield, high and a little bit troubled. "I think they must have gone home."

"I'll find them, all right, you just watch."

Virginia and Silvanus smiled sharply to themselves. A boy brushed heavily through the dry stalks. He came bounding right to the top of the rise. He was sure to see them. But he turned, just when they thought his eye was upon them.

"Nigger free!

White man too!

If you come now,

We won't catch you!"

Virginia and Silvanus made no sound. The hunters began to walk slowly down back the lane towards the house. The little boys plopped their bare feet in the cool dust. There wasn't nearly so much fun without Virginia. It was getting too dark to play. The barnyard gate creaked. The hunters had passed through, toward the house.

There was no sound, now, in the cornfield, but the soft, crisp corn sound, like taffeta tearing. Occasionally one of the cows in the back pasture turned abruptly, her iron bell sounding out over the quiet evening.

"They've all gone in," whispered Virginia, from her post.

"I guess they have, all right," whispered Silvanus. His voice was breaking early.

They were quiet for what seemed a long time, unable to think of anything to say. Silvanus cleared his throat, once or twice, seeming on the verge of finding words. Utter content enfolded them.

"Will you get up in the morning and go for the cows?"

Silvanus didn't look at Virginia, when he asked her.

"I will if you think your mother won't care."

"She won't care."

"All right."

"Are you getting stiff?"

"A little," admitted Virginia. She longed to say that she would have willingly stiffened into a fence post herself, just to stay there, like that, with Silvanus.

"I guess we'd better go in," she whispered. She longed for him to say, "Let's stay here."

"All right," agreed Silvanus. He wished she wanted to stay.

Silvanus stumbled over to Virginia, and helped her down. It was the first, almost the only act of pure chivalry that Silvanus performed in the whole of his life. Until he was to be married himself, and knew that he must put all thought of other women out of mind, he remembered Virginia's eager, pointed face, and the thin little neck rising out of the blue circle of dress. The Mennonite girls wore collars right up to the base of their necks. It made their necks look squat and fat. Silvanus was surprised to find himself thinking that it was not so pretty, that way. Perhaps that was his tribute to beauty; helping her down, knowing, sensibly, that she was only too able to descend by herself. He laughed, a little, to himself, but he gave her his hand like a gentleman and a courtier.

Virginia walked steadily down her row, a glowing vial of bliss. She could hear Silvanus, three rows over, and when she turned she could see his rough, light hair near the tassels of the corn. They walked in silence through the field. It was almost as good as the dream.

Ten feet from the end of the row, where the stalks grew short and thin, Virginia stopped and stared at the gate. Under the mountain ash tree by "home", stood a white shadow, nipped in at the middle, spreading above and below. The shadow moved angrily toward them. It crackled starchily. Virginia knew, sinking, that it was Ruth's mother, dressed to go to the village.

"Well!" she exclaimed, her tone rigid with anger, "so here you are!" She stepped through the gate. "You go home, Silvanus, get to the house. Your father will attend to you!" Her temper rose with her words. She slapped Virginia sharply on the cheek. "You ought to be ashamed!" For a moment Virginia thought the woman might bite. "Out here till this hour, with a boy!" Her hands trembled with passion. She had no words to ask what had happened to her son, out there, in the silence and loneliness of the cornfield. The easy, proud bearing of the little girl infuriated her. "You needn't think we like that kind of thing around here!" She was screaming now, screaming after Virginia.

Virginia walked before her, her eyes smarting in humiliation and pride. She was ashamed, ashamed for Silvanus, that his mother should act this way. And she hated her, hated her fully and righteously.

"After this," she thought, "after this I need never care what she says, or do what she says, unless she simply makes me." In a way Virginia felt a burden lifted from her. She was left free to hate, to despise. But she was still afraid. Afraid of some unknown, dreadful thing that Ruth's mother

might do. She felt herself to be so much in the power of these strangers. Virginia pointed her quivering chin high. Whatever happened, she would not cry for Ruth's mother. She should not make her cry. The woman stumbled breathlessly behind her. Virginia's eyes grew to stone. Silvanus lurched sheepishly behind. In her loathing of his mother Virginia had completely forgotten Silvanus.

But the woman was not yet through with Virginia. As they stopped to open the kitchen door she grasped the little girl's arm in a bruising grip and swung her around.

"Look at you! Look at your dress! It's a wonder you don't have the neck down to your waist!"

She pulled the high little neck out, and peered down into it, with her hateful eyes. She laughed, in a bullying, sickening way.

Virginia blazed round at her. "Stop!" She stamped her foot furiously. "Don't you dare touch me!" Fury transformed her pointed face. Ruth's mother could scarcely control her voice. Her beetle bright eyes were slits in her smooth face. "Why . . . you little . . . you little . . ." she gasped, impotently.

But Virginia had shot her bolt. One more second and she must have cried, on account of Ruth's mother. She ran through the dining room, and up the stairs. She shut the door of one of the spare bedrooms, and hooked it with trembling hands. She hurled herself on the high feather bed, and held her body tight, to prevent sobbing.

In the dining room below Ruth's father was talking. His voice sounded gentle. For a sudden, illuminated second Virginia felt dreadfully sorry for Ruth's father. She held up her head to listen. They must be talking about her. She slid down from the bed, and poked her little finger under the cover of the stove pipe hole. With infinite precaution she lifted it up. That must be something from the Bible. "Let not your angry passions rise." Such a gentle tone. In the silky tone that made Virginia want to be sick, Ruth's mother answered him. "I will judge this house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth. His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Why did they always talk from the Bible? Virginia pondered. But Ruth's mother did not seem to be coming up. In a moment she could hear buggy wheels rattling down the lane. They had gone to the village after all.

Virginia bent cautiously over the hole until she could look into the bright circle of light below. Immediately under her, Ruth's light brown braids lay smoothly polished, on her chubby back. She was embroidering something. Her fat fingers pulled red threads up, down, through. There was a look of conscious virtue about her. She did not look like a girl who would be found out in the cornfield at night, with a boy, alone. Virginia hated her.

Spring in Kettle Valley, B.C.

I.

Fringed with tall cottonwoods
Flows the brown river
Under its red wooden bridges
Like a wind southing;

Spring from the cottonwoods scatters her
Spices and incense,
Sun through their thin golden leaflets
Turns them to sequins;

Kingfishers rattle down riffles, and
Flocks of small sparrows
Blow like brown leaves from the thickets,
Sparrow-hawks hover;

Emerald-veined by the gullies
Hillsides are greening;
Desolate, far, a train's calling
Mournfully echoes.



II.

The dullard foot forgets, winter-shod,
Those earliest springs it trod
The magic earth; the eager hand remembers
How warm the little stones
Where buttercups drank up the melted snow,—
How soft the sudden grass
Where ice so lately was.

The eye, drowned daily in a sea of blue,
Forgets the bluebird's hue;
But ear recalls their sweet nostalgic notes—
Their liquid fluting.
Be faithful, ear and hand; endure with breath!
I trust unto your ruth
The Aprils of my youth.

ANNE MARGARET ANGUS.

On Lines on a P.M.

Wishing to make a scurrilous attack
Upon a prominent man behind his back
(Because it seemed impossible to pick
In front, a place that would be worth a kick)
I wrote four verses, made them rhyme, and scan —
And in my innocence, failed to name the man,
Thinking, poor trusting soul, there were no reasons
To name an unctuous connoisseur of treasons
Who's gained a name for virtue by repeating
With bland surprise, "Again you've caught me cheating!"
Besides, I thought, the minimum requirement —
What Minister's announced his own retirement
All know; and Abyssinia and Spain
More than suffice to make my meaning plain.
Yet, to make sure, 'mongst other dirty digs
I slipped a nasty reference to Pigs.

And what did all this dexterous art avail?
—Not one on the right donkey pinned the tail!
Ontario's malcontents delighted cry,
"Oh boy! That's one in Mr. Hepburn's eye!"
Albertans chuckle, "There's a venomous dart
Flashed in the ribs of Mr. Aberhart!"
While in the same lines, some Quebecers see
A nasty smack at Mr. Duplessis.
In short, from St. Juan's Strait to Canso's Gut
Nine Provinces pick their Premier as the butt!

Now that's a pretty comment, if you like,
Upon the way Provincial Premiers strike
The Forum readers — it's a heartening thing
At least, that no one picked on Mr. King.
Or can it be — fie on such filthy doubts! —
That Forum readers are such loons and louts,
Such lunks and lubbers, that they find it hard
To cast their thought beyond their own back-yard?

Or finally, could it be even this:
That the well-meaning satirist scored a miss?
As misconceptions go, it's rather fine;
Two point two-five on an average to the line:
But as convincing, sober, cogent verse,
I don't see how it could very well be worse.
Well, shall I put the name beyond dispute?
Attention, then! the name is — damn the brute! —
He simply will not rhyme, at least in English:
There isn't even anything remotely jingle-ish.
I'm sorry, friends, you'll simply have to guess.
De Valera? Franco? Goering? Schuschnigg? Trotsky?
(I told you it didn't rhyme)

Come, spur your wits, and let conjecture fire 'em.
Was't Cromwell? Brutus? Dathan and Abiram?

Farewell, farewell, my would-be pungent pen!
I'll never have the nerve to write again.
Readers, adieu; you've put me in my place.
Silence hereafter shields me from disgrace.

L. A. M.

The Canadian Forum

Facts, Figures and Finance

Business Conditions

Physical volume of business in March stood at 94.6 (82.9 last year), industrial production at 96.1 (82.6), manufacturing at 98 (86.8). Comparisons with the improvement in employment indices since 1936 sheds some light on the reasons why relief figures are not falling as fast as business activity is rising. The unadjusted index of employment on April 1 for all industries had advanced only from 81.8 to 86.6, for manufacturing from 86.3 to 94.6. Newsprint production, 138.7 (112.3 last year), was at an all-time peak, but employment in pulp and paper was only 88.6 (79.7 last year). Electric power production had advanced from 142.2 in 1936 to 160.6, while employment had actually fallen from 89.7 to 88.9. On the other hand, iron and steel production was 73.8 (55.5 last year) but employment was 85.1 (74.4); automobile production was 74.9 (54.5) while employment in this and the allied parts industry was 108.2 (96.8). A survey by the Protestant Employment Bureau in Montreal shows that "96 per cent. of the men and 89 per cent. of the women" placed by that agency in the past fifteen months "are not and never have been on relief".

Nickel exports reached an all-time peak, 166.4 (127.4). Asbestos exports were 124.6 (88.3). Rubber imports advanced from 47.3 in 1936 to 68.3. Construction rose spectacularly, from 31.9 to 50.6, almost double the February figure. On the other hand, zinc exports declined from 1936: 160.4 to 12.1; and petroleum imports fell from 99.2 to 76.6.

Among the indices which are now above the 1929 level are exports of nickel, zinc, copper, lead, gold, asbestos; imports of textiles, raw cottons and raw wool; tobacco consumption; and forestry and power production. Employment is above the 1929 average in edible animal products, leather, textiles, chemicals, non-ferrous metal products, non-metallic mineral products, logging, mining, metallic ores (over twice the 1929 level), trade generally and retail trade.

Wholesale prices at May 1 were 85.1 (1926=100) against 72.1 last year. Retail prices in April had risen from 79.7 in 1936 to 82.2.

Car loadings to May 1 were about 11 per cent. above last year. C.N.R. gross revenues had risen in about the same degree. C.P.R. gross, however, had risen only 5 per cent. C.N.R. net for the first quarter had risen from \$76,741 to \$2,317,496, while C.P.R. had come up from \$2,827,703 to \$3,642,413. For March, C.N.R. net was slightly higher than C.P.R.

Dividends

The Nesbitt Thompson dividend index for April, 93.2 (73.4 last year), was the highest for any April except 1929, 1930 and 1931. Gross dividends for the first five months of the year, according to the Financial Post, are over 31 per cent. higher than last year, a rate of improvement which, if maintained, would mean a total of over \$330,000,000 for the whole year. This would be about \$70,000,000 above 1936, and nearly \$50,000,000 above the previous peak, 1930.

Income Tax

Income tax returns for the fiscal year 1936 (which means, in the main, the calendar year 1934) show: (1) The income class "under \$2,000", as 45.06 per cent. of the taxpayers, paid only 2.99 per cent. of the total personal income tax receipts; (2) Those under \$5,000, 88.09 per cent. paid 12.75 per cent. of the tax; (3) Those over \$10,000, 3.24 per cent., paid 68.05 per cent. of the tax; (4) Those over \$50,000, 0.15 per cent., paid 33.52 per cent. of the tax. In 1932, the 614 persons with \$50,000 or over paid \$10,269,892; in 1936, 304 persons in the same class paid \$11,055,666. Apparently, either the increases in the rates and increased efficiency of collection have been extraordinarily productive, or the concentration of wealth in the upper reaches of this class has become more marked. The latter may have happened to some extent. Total personal income assessed was still over \$100,000,000 below the pre-depression level, and total corporate income almost \$200,000,000 below 1931. Total personal income tax payers, 199,102, were far fewer than in the record year 1922, when they numbered 290,584. Farmers paying income tax numbered 694.

How to Find Money for Armaments

Postponing the low cost housing scheme "saved" \$5,000,000. Cutting the budget of the Youth Committee of the National Employment Commission from \$7,000,000 to \$1,000,000 provided another \$6,000,000. Turning down the recommendations for veterans' relief "saved" from \$1,000,000 (the Commission's figure) to \$12,000,000 (the Minister of Pensions' figure). A government amendment, in the Senate, to the Blind Pensions bill, no doubt added a few pennies. Under the original terms, two blind persons married would have been allowed a total income, including pension, of \$1,280. It was felt, says a newspaper report, that this was too generous, so the amount was cut to \$880. By these measures the government has found at least \$12,000,000 of the \$14,000,000 or so of the increase in the defence estimates.

E. A. F.

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 5

The only criticism that reached the Canadian Forum was too flattering, save for the one phrase: "From such an erudite personnel one might reasonably expect a chasteness and purity of diction. This the Forum has not achieved". As the circulation of the Forum has increased during the month, the conclusion seems to be that The Canadian Forum is above criticism. The Contest Editor therefor begs to thank the Readers most heartily, and recommends that the prize be not awarded.

CONTEST No. 6

A prize of \$5.00 is offered for the best Imaginary Conversation of not more than 300 words, between any of the following pairs of characters:

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie and W. L. Mackenzie King;
Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Duplessis;
Louis Riel and Mr. Aberhart;
Elizabeth Browning and Dorothy Livesay;
King Solomon and Mr. Dionne;
Dr. Sam Johnson and Sir Edward Beatty.

The rules are:

- 1—Address Monthly Contest Editor, The Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto.
- 2—No mss. are returned, and any may be printed in part or in whole, whether awarded a prize or not.
- 3—Members of The Canadian Forum Board are not eligible to compete.
- 4—The decision of the Contest Editor is final; he need not award a prize if he considers no entry is worthy of award.
- 5—Entries must reach the Contest Editor by the 10th of each month.

O Canada

(\$1.00 will be paid in future for the press clipping published at the head of this column).

While Oakville board of education last night endorsed the continuance of the cadet corps at the high school here, no action was taken upon the request made by a deputation of parents and citizens that increased facilities for physical training be provided at the school. . . . Canon D. Russell Smith, chairman of the Board, expressed the "hope that we can work out some way to make it unpleasant" for students who do not take part in the cadet training. (Toronto Daily Star.)

Is Mitchell Hepburn the only labor leader in this part of Canada with convictions and the courage to enforce them? . . . Are Mr. King and his colleagues with the people of Canada, as Mr. Hepburn is, or are they with

the labor exploiters and profiteers of the United States? (Leading editorial in Montreal Gazette).

* * *

Business, he continued was based upon the wisest of all motives, the profit motive. (Sir Edward Beatty as reported in Montreal Gazette).

* * *

It is hard to see any reason why the average Canadian should not be happy to recognize true merit and unselfish public service by speaking of Sir Mackenzie King, Sir Richard Bennett, Sir Oscar Skelton . . . But curiously enough the average Canadian would rather see these men or anyone else who makes good in his chosen field investigated by a Royal Commission. (Financial Post).

* * *

All the same there is something strange about the sporadic outburst of labor troubles in Britain practically at the eve of the Coronation. There is a below the belt character about these attacks which is prima facie evidence that they did not originate in the minds of honest, English workmen. (Montreal Daily Herald).

* * *

This month's prize goes to R. B. Y. Scott, Montreal.

• • •

The Canadian Forum offers a first prize of \$10.00 and a second prize of \$5.00 for the best and the next best poem submitted in the Poetry Contest.

The exact date of closing, which will be in the late summer or early fall, will be announced in the July issue, together with the complete rules for the contest and the names of the judges.

There will be no restrictions on the poetic form eligible, except that a minimum of fourteen lines and a maximum of one hundred lines has been set.

SEE THE JULY ISSUE
FOR FURTHER DETAILS

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Democracy and the Soviets

THE NEW SOVIET CONSTITUTION: Anna Louise Strong; Oxford (Holt); pp. 169; \$1.50.

THE READER will find here a full and careful translation of the new Soviet constitution — a document of tremendous importance with which everyone should make himself familiar — appended to a discussion of its main features and method of adoption. Miss Strong is an enthusiastic communist and an ardent panegyrist; she sees in the genesis of this constitution, and in a United Front policy elsewhere, the only hope for the preservation of democracy; though it is surprising to find her stating that "the balance of power lies with the middle class" in the struggle against Fascism.

The most valuable part of this lively book is the constitution itself and the direct comments upon it. The most startling new feature is direct election of the highest Soviets, both regional and central, by universal suffrage and secret ballot. Also of special interest is an added amendment giving the Moscow government power to declare war not only for the defence of the U.S.S.R., but also "in case of the need of fulfilling international treaty obligations of mutual defense against aggression an addition highly pleasing to the French.

The powers of the bi-cameral central Soviet and its Presidium, clearly set out as they are, should make our Dominion government dream Russian dreams in which, as rulers of "autonomous" republics instead of Canadian provinces, they can really do things. Care seems also to have been taken to secure some independence for the judiciary, for, though elected by parliaments (soviets), their tenure of office is longer than that of the electing bodies. The All-Union Attorney General (he is really more than that) himself elects those of the various states, a significant centralization of judicial administration in Moscow.

By far the most impressive section is that on "the basic rights" of citizenship: the right to work, the right to rest, to material security in sickness and old age, the right to education. Here the stupendous Russian achievement deserves to a very large extent even Miss Strong's lyrical encomium. Made possible by the public ownership of natural resources and of the means of production and distribution, these rights go far to secure economic democracy; nor can we doubt that such a system would bring considerable improvement in the lot of the majority of our own countrymen.

Freedom is, however, clearly restricted in two ways: first, though freedom of religious worship is secured, only anti-religious propaganda is allowed. In effect that is a severe curtailment of religious freedom, without the right to proselytize. The restriction is not unnatural in view of the church's role in pre-revolution days, but a definition of "religion" seems to be required.

By far the most vital restriction occurs in article 126, in which: "citizens of the U.S.S.R. are entitled to the right to unite in public organizations, trade unions, co-operative associations, youth organizations, sport and defence organizations, cultural, technical and scientific societies; and the most active and politically conscious citizens from the ranks of the working class and other

strata of the working people unite in the All-Union Communist Party . . . which represents the nucleus of all organizations of the working people, both social and state". The sudden, and at first sight, irrelevant mention of the party (for there is nothing elsewhere to prevent free political associations) makes it quite clear that no other party is to be allowed. It is not enough to say, with Miss Strong, that "party divisions do not arise". Even if the fundamental principles of communism are not to be challenged, which at this stage is natural enough, there remains plenty of room for vital differences. But clearly, those who disagree with party decisions on vital questions, e.g., foreign policy, can have no recourse to propaganda, and their right to "organized self-expression" is precisely nil. It is here that the reader will think of the recent trials.

Russians never have possessed political freedom, but here it is expressly forbidden. We may readily admit that the economic liberties of the Soviet citizen are precious, and that without them political freedom is largely illusory. Nevertheless, the problem for Western democracies remains how to obtain the one without losing the other. One might also suggest that a permanently stable system can only exist where both kinds of freedom exist, if only because it is impossible to separate politics and economics, whether in Russia or Ontario.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Marx Meant What He Said

DIALECTICS: T. A. Jackson; Francis White; pp. 648; \$2.50.

MARXISM "BEING A LIVING WHOLE, must be accepted or rejected as a whole;" this is the thesis of T. A. Jackson, uncompromising Marxist and ruthless fighter. He is equally at home with all methods of inflicting mayhem from the slender rapier to the crashing brass-knuckle. But the style that he really loves is the rough-and-tumble wherein the Marquis of Queensberry rules are flung into the ash-can along with Bloomsbury ideas of scholarship. Here he elbows, butts, gouges and kicks to his heart's content, occasionally crowning his efforts by sinking his teeth into an opponent's ear. His deadliest attack is reserved for those "friends" of Marxism who, while accepting "their own" versions of "its" basic principles, endeavour to "bring it up-to-date", and in doing so eliminate the first four letters from the word. Especially guilty in this respect are G. D. H. Cole "expensively miseducated," Middleton Murry whose "exaggeration usually bears the same proportion to exactitude as sack did to bread in the diet of Sir John Falstaff," Max Eastman "a genius for making the darkness opaque," Professor John MacMurray with his "array-varsy" conception of Marx's use of the Hegelian dialectic, Raymond Postgate who "swings his critical chopper with such preposterous dexterity that he is always cutting his own feet from under him," and Fred Casey whose concept of dialectical materialism is a "philosophical Irish stew." He loathes dilettante, pseudo-intellectual Bloomsbury with its daily invocation. "Let us eat, drink, and be lecherous, for tomorrow we die: and serve us bloody well right!"

In short, Mr. Jackson dislikes much, and does it exceedingly well.

But this work is much more than a record of disagreement and abuse. It is a classic in straight undiluted Marxism, and as such will become a standard text in Marxist study groups. The philosophical origins of Marxism, the development of dialectical materialism, the theories of value and surplus value, the relation of theory to practice, the conception of the class struggle and the dialectics of revolution are all there, and they are there as Marx meant them to be, for this man has not only "read" Marx, he has "understood" him. Furthermore, the inter-relation between economics and philosophy, history, politics, psychology, anthropology and physics in so clearly depicted as to be astonishing to one constantly harassed by the obfuscations abounding in the usual academic product. It is true, of course, that the author has a Marxist "slant on things", but even the most philistine will be amazed at the range and amount of material treated, and the logic with which it is handled. And it is also true that the good old intellectual indoor sport of ridiculing Marxism without even pretending to understand it is dealt a body blow in this work. Whether, on knowing Marxism, one accepts it or leaves it is one thing; complete ignorance of it is another.

Striking phraseology and lucidity of statement greatly simplify what otherwise might have been heavy going. And Mr. Jackson does not mince words. When he uses the words "plain liar," he means just that. When he refers to an illegitimate offspring he uses the word "bastard" and does not vaguely refer to the unfortunate result of rash experimentation in illicit biological preparations. His Rabelaisian touch, while it may occasionally offend the delicate sensibilities of the more conventional, possesses the virtue of complete illumination—for example: "Freudianism waned in the end precisely because it took the 'kick' out of fornication by converting it from a Deadly Sin into a positively 'scientific' virtue." Even the withering blasts directed against those with whom he disagrees are expository rather than personal and frequently aid in clarifying the issue under discussion. But when all is said and done it must be remembered that no worthwhile book on Marxism that can be read like a pleasant novel has been, or ever will be, written. The subject matter is too involved, too abstruse, too difficult. This volume is worth reading, it is well worth studying.

LORNE T. MORGAN.

Picturesque Geography

THE NILE: Emil Ludwig; Macmillan; pp. 619; \$5.00.

THIS IS a peculiarly difficult book for this professional geographer to appraise. In the study of a river's development — a familiar problem to the modern geographer — the scientific method is to begin with the geological structure, and describe the evolution of the river in terms of its valley-forms. Thus, where the earth's crust has recently been uplifted, as in the case where the Nile dashes down the Murchison Falls, or descends rapidly near the Cataracts, the river is scientifically called "young". Where it flows across the immense papyrus swamps of the Sudan it is called "old". Ludwig ignores all these well-established definitions, and endows the river with a personality that is purely subjective. In his opinion it is "young" at the source and "old" at its Delta. All this is quite contrary to the geographer's concept, but

probably the average reader will like the book none-the-less on this account.

The volume abounds in picturesque language, and Ludwig revels in the plant and animal marvels which are to be met with along the Upper Nile. Details of tropical life are depicted with a pen so fluent that the reviewer has rarely read more colorful descriptions. Sometimes his very fluency betrays him, as when he describes the quite normal windings of the river on an ancient plain as due to the action of the trade winds! Again in his account of the gorges of Ethiopia he drives home their tropical climate by stating that the thermometer "all the year round, even at night, never falls below 100". Since the hottest place in the world (so far as the present reviewer is aware) has an average temperature of 86, this is certainly a traveller's tale. But such obvious blemishes are rare.

The historical side of the book has that appearance of actuality for which Ludwig is renowned. He skilfully makes the river a thread upon which to string a series of historical episodes. We are told of the amazing Uganda kingdoms, of the Fashoda incident, of the death of Gordon and the relief of Khartum in the manner of the best "feature writers" of the day. The latter half of this long book deals with the better-known northern portion of the river (near Cairo), which Ludwig calls the "Vanquished Nile". Here we read its storied history from the time of Menes to that of Lord Cromer. Proper emphasis is laid on the economic changes which have characterized man's long occupancy of the "Gift of the Nile".

The book is illustrated by 50 striking photographs and, what deserves honorable mention, by six quite useful maps of the Nile Region. To the many readers who care far more for picturesque imagery than for science this book will certainly make a strong appeal.

GRIFFITH TAYLOR.

Priestly in America

MIDNIGHT IN THE DESERT: J. B. Priestly; MacMillan; pp. 312; \$3.00.

MR. PRIESTLY MUST FIND IT very disconcerting to be praised more for his intellect than his imagination. It is clear that he regards himself as primarily a composer of narrative or dramatic fiction; but neither his plays nor his novels have aroused the critical enthusiasm that greeted his "English Journey" and the American Journey that makes up much of "Midnight On The Desert." And yet, though he has published more books of criticism and essays than novels, it is almost entirely as novelist that the general public knows him and reads him.

It would be a mistake to expect in "Midnight On The Desert" anything like an imitation of "English Journey." Mr. Priestly does not work that way. No novelist clings more stubbornly to the right to vary his output, whether publishers appreciate the variety or not. The "English Journey" was the journal of a deliberate voyage of discovery around England, undertaken by a deeply concerned Englishman with the definite intention of investigating the living conditions and spirits of other Englishmen. This book contains rather the random observations of an interested and sympathetic foreigner, as they rise incidentally from the memory of the places in America in which he lived for some time, that is to say, New York, California, and Arizona. But again we are given, not so much broad and imposing generalisations about American civilization,

as sensitive and imaginative analyses of definite data, seen in the general frame of American conduct and opinion.

The book does not claim to lay bare the American soul; if it is laying bare anything, it is laying bare a corner of the soul of an imaginative and modest critic sincerely interested in the practical and metaphysical problems of his fellow-men. In form it is the record of some twenty minutes' meditation at midnight in a shack on the Arizona desert, during the clearing up of old notes and papers. In substance, it is a series of loosely connected reflections on the author's craft, on present-day problems of social re-organization, on various local and national American characteristics (including an acute criticism of the persistence of the individualist legend in what he considers by far the most collective-minded nation on earth) and finally on the great problems of Time and Eternity. Scattered about are bits of subdued, almost casual description, that manage to be thoroughly effective without breaking the easy familiar flow of the style, and fragments of literary criticism that recall the acuteness and balance of his admirable book on Peacock, a writer with whom he has more in common than is sometimes recognised.

In short, there is meat for almost every taste. Honest-minded Canadians particularly can find many hints for their own heart-searching in his discussion of America's merits and defects, and an invitation to practical reflection in his defence of the co-operative ideal of the state as against the corporate state, whether right or left-handed. Those to whom "optimistic scientific materialism" does not seem the last word in truth and beauty will find here powder for their gun. Finally, in the discussion on the problems of Time in the last chapters, he offers to men of philosophic mind but without professional training an unusually clear and sanely reasoned introduction to what may well prove to be, as he suggests, the field in which our age may make its peculiar contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

L. A. MACKAY.

Without Faith or Love

SALAVIN: Georges Duhamel; Dent; pp. 437; \$2.50.

THERE ARE OCCASIONS when one may praise without stint author and translator and publisher. This is one of them. "Salavin" is a great book. The author has rounded out his art and, I fancy, disarmed, as well as flattered, his most acrimonious critic, Monsier Massis. Gladys Billings has made an admirable translation, in which I have sighted only one serious slip, "defiance" for "mistrust" on p. 276, so easy an error that Miss Billings should not have allowed herself to get caught. The publishers in their turn, have presented the work handsomely.

The hero, Salavin, came to life in "Confession At Midnight" (1920), the first of the four books united here in his spiritual biography. This was such a vividly realistic description of the lamentable life of a second-rate office clerk, who had lost his post and lacked energy to look for another, that it was difficult to forecast his spiritual future as he became more and more self-absorbed, cutting his life away from normal human relations represented by his mother, his fiancée and his chums. In the second book he has determined to become a saint, convinced that his only gift is goodness, a desire for holiness. Now, for lack of intellectual grip, his desire betrays him at every

turn and he begins to loathe his life because of his stupidity and cowardice. Since one can not become a saint by willing it, he bends his energies (Books III and IV) to the changing of the core of his being. "In changing structure of society," says a Bolshevik, "we will change the consciousness of man." "If you don't change me," replies Salavin, "you won't have changed anything at all." The immense suffering of Salavin is due to his desire to make himself seem admirable to himself. He forsakes wife and friends, he changes his clothes, his country and his name, goes to Africa, separates himself more and more from men, does deeds of great heroism and self-sacrifice, fleeing from all rewards, desiring only to deserve his own self-esteem, but unable to love men in the concrete and—all to no purpose. "I am too near myself still. I shall never be anyone but him, always him . . . I dreamed of glorious duties, imaginary ones, and neglected the small ones, my real if insignificant task. A man ought to remain in his place." And, dying, to his wife: "If I were to begin again I think I'd know better. How simple it would be! How happy we'd be! The Unchanging Self!"

The endless dolour of Salavin's life without faith or love is relieved by the humour and irony which accompany such a man in life. But M. Duhamel spares us nothing. In this book he eliminates none of the realities in order to leave us with mere ideologies, as he had done, for example, in "La Possession du monde."

J. S. WILL.

A New Pritchard

INTIMATE STRANGERS: Katharine Susannah Pritchard; Nelson (Cape); pp. 410; \$2.00.

ANOTHER NOVEL by the author of Coonardoo and Haxby's Circus is a rare and noteworthy event. Again she writes of Australia, this time of a small seaside town. Against a background of unemployment and depression she skillfully weaves the story of a husband and wife, "Intimate strangers", their two children and various friends. Greg and Elodie, absorbed at first in their own personal relationship, are each somewhat frustrated: the war and business preoccupations have prevented him from following his artist's bent, marriage and household drudgery have put an end to her music. They drift apart, he loses his job, she keeps the household going by banging out jazz tunes at cheap dance halls, and becomes wearier and wearier. In the end, however, she finds that some inexplicable bond of mutual need prevents her from going away with her lover. She discovers also that, somewhat by chance and independently of each other, they have begun to see themselves as mere individuals in a vast and iniquitous social system which smashes the lives of others even more disastrously than it has smashed their own. The discovery of his resolve to do all he can to help to build a new way of life fortifies her, for "between them now burned the fire of a regenerating idea in which it seemed they would attain freedom and unity".

Mrs. Pritchard draws her characters with much sensitivity and understanding, and she has a great power of realistic detail. We feel that torrid heat, we hear the noise and squabbling of the children, and it is a stroke of genius to make Elodie darn and patch all her husband's clothes and turn out the cupboards when preparing to leave him; perhaps if she had not felt an inner compulsion to do that she would have succeeded in going. A very fine book which gives much food for thought.

GWENTYTH MACINTOSH.

Wit and Majority

I WOULD BE PRIVATE: Rose Macaulay; Musson (Harper); pp. 325; \$2.50.

THE HAPPY RETURN: C. S. Forester; Saunders (Joseph); pp. 287; \$2.00.

BUCKSKIN BREECHES: Phil Stong; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 366; \$2.50.

SO DISTINCT AND UNRELATED are these three writers that it was a surprise to find their latest works shared at least two qualities: wit and maturity. Rose Macaulay has thirteen books to her credit, at least nine of them fiction; Forester, seventeen, again the greater part of them fiction and Phil Stong, ten, of which seven are novels. And I do not recall any occasion on which their work has been treated with critical indifference. Each has written steadily and progressed, technically at any rate, as steadily. These are three practised pens. As for wit, they share that in widely divergent degrees. Rose Macaulay's gift is for barbed satire, a satire that is sometimes so obvious that in a less talented writer it could easily degenerate into burlesque. C. S. Forester does not spend his wit in phrases or dialogue, but there is subtle undercurrent in most of his writing of which one is scarcely aware until the book is finished when it is realized that, like acid, it has eaten away all the pretentious substance and left only the skeleton. This is particularly true of "The General." Phil Stong's wit is so pleasant and so dependent on situation and character rather than upon words, that he might just be credited with a well-balanced sense of humour. Nevertheless when the occasions demand it, he can be pungently realistic; and he never descends to the comic.

Of the three books "I Would Be Private" is the most disappointing. Perhaps because Eric Linklater in "Ripeness Is All," which was published about two years ago and covered the Millar Will marathon, was about as amusing as anyone can be about fecundity; perhaps because we natives of this province are beginning to feel that any situation encompassing quintuplets is bound to be pretty threadbare; anyway Ronald McBrown and his wife and the cloudburst of young with which she presented him aren't quite good enough material for Miss Macaulay. Of course, the zeal with which the public takes this unfortunate family to its bosom and the feverish indignities to which the McBrowns are subjected provide her with first rate subject matter for gleeful, biting irony. But not to the extent of 325 pages. And when the story soars into straight fantasy—surcease from press agents is sought on an obscure Caribbean island—the stuff of mirth simply isn't there. It all amounts to a good anecdote being spollt by the addition of fifty thousand words.

"The Happy Return" is a better than average sea story in its material and thoroughly fascinating in treatment. The time is the early nineteenth century, the scene the Pacific coast of South America, the hero Captain Hornblower, the heroine the frigate, Lydia, who, however, has some competition from a Lady Barbara Wellesley who comes abroad at Panama. Battles and skirmishes, intrigues and confusions, temperaments and tempers complete the ingredients. It is straight adventure and lacks the objectivity of "The General." Still, in his casual way Mr. Forester has managed to suggest that Britannia came to rule the waves by methods which in some respect the Admiralty would hesitate, officially, to endorse.

Phil Stong, who with the exception of "Weekend,"

has devoted himself to the Iowan farmer and his family, in "Buckskin Breeches" turns back to the great-grandfather of that farmer, the settler driven west by the profiteering Yankees of the 1830's. This story of pioneers has a decidedly new flavour, for it does not ignore the perilous economic state of the new Republic at that time, the land-grabbing, the exploitation, the dissatisfaction with the federal management. Indeed, the situation then paralleled in miniature a great deal of what is happening to us . . . except that I cannot help but think the pioneers were fortunate, for all their hardships, in having virgin territory to build their new communities upon; we have so much to tear down before we can build. Apart from this, "Buckskin Breeches" tells a very good story, well-paced and spiced with Mr. Stong's penetrating and not-so-very-homespun humour. Some of the characterizations are superb, chiefly those of old Eli, the Indian fighter with his collection of moth-eaten scalps, and Margaret, the city wife who accompanies her husband to the frontier. The main fault is that the author doesn't nearly develop the material he has gathered. For once it is to be hoped that this book is only the first in a series.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

A Crusader

SMOKY CRUSADE: R. M. Fox; Longman's, Green; pp. 368; \$3.50.

WITHOUT ANY BLOWING OF TRUMPETS, Richard Fox has written a very compelling personal record. His good plain prose does not, perhaps, make the most of his experience but it is in harmony with the sturdy honesty of the man. "Smoky Crusade" is the autobiography of a worker-fighter, who begins adult life at the age of fourteen in a pre-war machine shop (eleven hours a day, five shillings a week), became almost immediately a trade unionist and socialist, spent nearly three years in jail for resistance to the war, and emerged to continue agitating for the cause of the working-class.

The early chapters sketch sensitively the degradation and ugliness and danger of London factory work, especially with the introduction of the enervating speed-up system. One morning Fox found in the cogs of his machine the finger-ends of the man who tended it the night before.

He widened his socialist education in the Dublin transport lockout, and quickened to that "quality of selfless crusade" shown by the suffragettes and which is to the author "the greatest thing in the world." He was stirred by the I.W.W. protagonists of class-war—"waiters, put oil in their soup!"—and he made the acquaintance of others like Charles Lohr, who are still among the most picturesque of the British lefts.

The coming of the war frustrated Fox's hardearned scholarship to Oxford. While Lansbury and the legions of peace-time pacifists capitulated, Fox joined Henry Sara and others in maintaining the only London labor meetings which continued open opposition to the war. The pacifism was revolutionary, not Christian. "I believed that life was a conflict of forces, that principles were bound to clash. It was not our war, that was all." In jail he continued to struggle, now against bad food and pack-horse labor; he went on hunger-strike and was forcibly fed; but he gained a surprising number of his demands.

The remainder of the book recounts his belated Ruskin College days, a brief visit to Russia in 1921, free-lancing in Ireland during and after the Civil War, a honeymoon in Germany in the Great Inflation.

Throughout "Smoky Crusade" there runs the theme of the maturing class-struggle which is, to the author, a struggle by the majority for the right to enjoy the essential wonder of "being", the beauty of life apart from mere work. Yet, despite their doughtiness, these memoirs persuade us that their author is after all "the mildest of men. I would rather lie down under injustice than resent it—it is much easier." But he is a mild man with an Iron Vision'. The Hitlers, he says in conclusion, may torture and kill, but they still "need the workers in their factories. Do you not think that the sons and brothers of their victims will talk together over these crimes? The factories are the cradle of this revolutionary force which is destined to clear the way for a better order."

EARLE BIRNEY.

The Best in the World

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVANT: Edited by William A. Robson; Nelson (Allen and Unwin); pp. 254; \$2.00.

THIS VOLUME of essays by a number of authorities covers a wide range of topics concerning the British public servant. These are the "home civil service" by the Hon. Harold Nicholson, the "local government civil service" by Sir Ernest Simon, and other interesting themes by writers little less distinguished. Although there are a number of books on the British civil service the present volume is for two reasons thoroughly welcome. First, it provides, as no other volume does, an excellent description of the urgent problems of public-service personnel which have arisen since the war as a consequence of social and economic pressures. Secondly, the essays are not merely descriptive but critical. The authors probe defects as much as they point out merits. Most of the contributors would agree that the British public service is perhaps the finest in the world, but many of them would also contend that in a rapidly changing society the changes in the British public service do not maintain the necessary pace.

Mr. W. A. Robson, for example, argues that the service rests on certain assumptions no longer defensible; the most obvious being that "the service should be divided into categories which reflect, if they do not reproduce, the social structure and economic inequalities of our society. The diplomatic and foreign office staff, for which nomination is required, contains scarcely anyone who is not related to, or patronized by, either the aristocracy or the narrow circle of high society. The Administrative Class, which occupies all the controlling positions in the Home Civil Service, consists to an overwhelming extent of the fortunate few who can manage to get to Oxford and Cambridge". He feels that there is need for democratization, in keeping with the widening of representation in the parliamentary system. Mr. Robson's diagnosis of the problems involved is usually penetrating, but his prescriptions are mainly doctrinaire. Mr. Harold Nicholson touches on the question of democratizing the diplomatic service, and his suggestions on how to achieve this end have a more realistic and sounder ring. Professor Barker, on other phases of the service, is incisive in his criticisms and sage in his remedies. Mr. A. J. Waldegrave of the Institute of Public Administration, has shrewd remarks on what constitutes the most effective incentives in a government department, remarks which might be profitably read by departmental heads in both Ottawa and Toronto. Indeed, in nearly all the chapters of this book the indi-

vidual interested in the problems of public administration will find sound intellectual fare.

A. BRADY.

Reciprocity

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY OF 1854: Donald G. Masters; Longmans; pp. 267; \$3.50.

CANADIANS who are interested in the history of their country during the decades between Responsible government and Confederation have recently been supplied with a series of first-class studies on this period which make the old picture of a succession of political crises leading to deadlock in 1864 largely obsolete. One need mention only W. M. Whitelaw's volume on the Maritimes and Canada before Confederation, G. N. Tucker's "The Canadian Commercial Revolution, 1845-51," and C. P. Stacey's "Canada and the British Army, 1846-71". This present volume of Mr. Masters on the economic relations between British North America and the United States from the 1840's to the 1860's may now be added to the list.

The subject of the Reciprocity Treaty has been the theme of a great many books since the 1860's, and in part Mr. Masters is telling a familiar story. But he has unearthed from government archives on both sides of the ocean much new information about the policies of the British, American and colonial governments. Specially notable is his emphasis upon the Atlantic fisheries as providing the main impetus for a treaty in the 1850's. (The British government decided to protect British rights in the fisheries without the cabinet being agreed as to what those rights were, and Disraeli declared that one leading fellow-member of the cabinet was "out of his depth, more than three marines miles from the shore"). The turning point in the life of the treaty came with the protective Canadian tariffs of 1858 and 1859; Mr. Masters shows that the interests in the United States who were critical of the treaty were able to make their opposition much more effective after 1859, and that they would probably have been able to bring about the abrogation of the treaty even if political animosities had not assisted them after the outbreak of the American Civil War. The other notable feature of this book is the careful analysis of what the effects of the treaty upon trade actually were. Since trade questions are so much to the fore in our public affairs at present, this is a book to be recommended very highly to politicians and editors, as well as to historians.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Military Glory

ITALY'S CONQUEST OF ABYSSINIA: Major E. W. Polson Newman; Nelson (Thornton Butterworth); pp. 316; \$3.75.

THE FRENCH WAR MACHINE: Shelby Cullom Davis; Nelson (Cape); pp. 221; \$2.50.

MAJOR NEWMAN has given us a work of pure military science, unencumbered by a vivid imagination. His admiration for Mussolini is unbounded. Students of strategy will no doubt find much here that is of interest and value to them, and indeed, it is an impressive picture of efficiency in the co-ordination of activities, in careful and remarkable preparations in transport and communications, and the effective use of all the deadly weapons of modern civilization. But the lay reader, as he follows

the details of the campaign, will be more and more ashamed of all this civilized efficiency used against an almost primitive people, totally unequipped to meet it. The major makes no secret of this, indeed, he freely admits that among other handicaps "the Abyssinians had no air force worth mentioning". The following is one typical passage out of many:

"It so happened that at this particular time a great part of the enemy column was marching in close formation through a narrow gorge enclosed on both sides by high and rugged cliffs . . . The Italian machines, on arrival, came down to an altitude of 150 to 300 feet and opened fire, dropping six tons of bombs and shrapnel spezzoni. The column was dispersed, and after an action of two hours the attacking machines returned to their aerodromes. Although the machines received many hits, only one of them had to land at Makale for repairs before returning to Asmara. During this action a sergeant mechanic, who was severely wounded by an explosive bullet, was afterwards awarded the Italian Gold Medal for Valor".

Those savages who use explosive bullets! But we hear later that "It was in the pursuit of a retreating enemy that the air arm really showed his full strength". After that, take what comfort you can from the fact that "the peaceful populations were not intentionally made to suffer more than was necessary". Clearly Mussolini still has something to learn from his friend Franco about the most effective way of spreading civilization.

Mr. Cullom Davis, on the other hand, considers the Abyssinia campaign, from the military point of view, "a farce of interest only to the students of logistics" (whoever they may be). None, according to him, can really tell what the next war will be like and "armies today are all in a confused state of evolution". But he has no doubt that war will come and thinks entirely in terms of power-politics. Radicals are but a dangerous nuisance; "conscription is one of France's many gifts to modern civilization" and none can regard "League collective security as anything else but a hindrance to legitimate national defence".

The bulk of this elaborate study of French army organization since the war is of rather specialized interest, though it undoubtedly provides some interesting sidelights on recent French politics. Conscripts, regulars, colored troops, war material, air and naval developments, and the plans for a "nation armee" are all very fully dealt with. Discussions of policy at the beginning and the end are, in spite of some very questionable assertions, of more general interest. So is the discussion of population figures in France and Germany, and of the efforts made to fight depopulation. But I confess that this concern with babies merely as future cannon fodder, and of expectant mothers as mere providers thereof, is to me not only depressing but positively obscene.

MAX REINERS.

Recent Fiction

ROSE DEEPROSE: Sheila Kaye-Smith; Macmillan; pp. 452; \$2.75.

THIS IS A NOVEL for women, those calm, sound-hearted women whose happiness rests upon others and whose one amusement lies in seeing through them. Here we feel the fabric of genuine, everyday life as lived by such women — people of bottomless moral courage, quietly hard as nails, with no brains to speak of, but vibrantly alive.

That is, for a male reader, it is woefully dull, partly because it is remorselessly long. The finest English novelist since Hardy has given in to this growing lazy habit of garrulity: few seem now to possess the energy to compose a short novel, which means mastery of your material, power to crystallize. Yet ours is a generation that jeers at Scott for being long-winded! I find here only one passage that reminds me of the magnificent "Green Apple Harvest": a paragraph on pp. 136-7 which is too long to quote. Most of the book gives me a sad, benumbed notion that Emma Jane Worboise is trying to write like Dostoevsky.

Nearly all the chief events are incredible; no one with the character described would perform the actions recorded for the reasons alleged. The love-interest from beginning to end fails to convince. One of the chief persons is Rose's husband, not merely an ass but a queer, foggy wraith of an ass who in the end shoots himself when he learns that his usual summer visitors won't be coming this year, apparently because Rose has been tried for murder. Do you wonder that I was reminded of Russian novels? That murder in all its other bearings is certainly handled with power and dreadful pathos, though even here — but enough! You ladies (as above described) must read for yourselves.

GILBERT NORWOD.

MAN TRACKS, With the Mounted Police in Australian Wilds; Ion L. Idriess; Nelson (Cape); pp. 320; \$2.50.

MR. ION L. IDRIESS has already produced several books dealing with the life in the desert centre and north-west of Australia. The population of the country of which he writes is sparse and consists exclusively of natives, prospectors who sometimes get themselves killed by the natives, and mounted policemen who kill the natives for killing the prospectors. It is chiefly with the police and the kind of work they do that this volume of short stories is concerned, and the casual reader will probably be surprised at the amount of killing that seems to go on in such a thinly settled part of the world. This is partly because the author has compressed into one set of stories all the violent deaths that have taken place during the past fifteen years in any part of desert Australia, and partly because he apparently believes that no story is a good one unless somebody dies violently. Even so he fails to make very much of his opportunities. The Australian Mounted Police are excellent material for fiction or semi-fiction by an efficient writer, but in Mr. Idriess' pages they become idealized and unconvincing puppets more like super-Boy Scouts than anything else. Their conversation is stilted, their powers of endurance superhuman, their gentleness and humanity to the natives remarkable. Whereas the true policeman, at his best a rough diamond and at his worst the subject of endless Royal Commissions, is well worth a more realistic approach. The murder of Constable McColl, for example, is rendered by Mr. Idriess as (i) heroic policeman doing his duty brutally murdered by treacherous natives (ii) more heroic policemen after marvellous feats of tracking and endurance, finally capture treacherous natives. The real story, as revealed even in the prosaic pages of the High Court appeal, is much more interesting reading, even though it makes a sorry mess of the reputation of the police. But for those readers whose tastes are of the Beau Geste order and who are tired of Africa as a locale, this book can be recommended.

C. W. M. HART.

The Canadian Forum

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN: Archie Binns; McLelland & Stewart; pp. 352; \$2.50.

ARE, the epidemic of which, it is to be hoped, will be of brief duration, is here exemplified. It is an effort to cover early American pioneering life, the Great War and the ensuing economic and political crises, and issue it in the form of a novel. Tolstoi could cover the vast scene of Russian life, as in "War and Peace", but Tolstoi was an unhurried and great artist. Mr. Binns has blocked in a canvas of far too great magnitude to be filled in in the hasty American mass production manner. The result is that in the opening chapters of the book his characters never come to life. One feels the teacher retelling events of American history in his own words to make the lesson interesting.

The history lesson over, the two brothers, George and Alfred Tucker, emerge for a time, and the book is vitalized. Their early home in the Puget Sound country, clearing land, daring a blizzard on the open Pacific in a small amateur craft sheathed in ice, and their night, sheltered from the rain in a northern cave peopled by mummies of a long-dead tribe, make fine and vivid reading. With the coming of the war there is a brief, unconvincing love episode, and the two brothers are whisked to Vladivostok with the American Expedition of Intervention. Here they are bewildered and horrified at endless incidents of corruption in high places, of savage slaughter, of Red Cross stupidity and of sabotage by all the powers in an effort to suppress the Russian people, climaxed by the murder of George. His killer, a White Russian colonel, commented "Your own government wants you to be killed".

Home again, alone and disillusioned, Alfred is prevented from giving his bitter talk on the A.E.F. in Siberia. "Can't a man tell the truth, and still be an American?" he demands. "Not if it's anything good about Russia."

"The Laurels are Cut Down", is well worth reading for its content of information on the Imperialist intervention in Russia. As a novel it is uneven and difficult, and a sated reader questions that it adds conviction of virility to have American heroes so incessantly punctuate their remarks with "Jesus Christ". It is the monotony that bores. If they would only use George Washington or Mahatma Ghandi for a change.

ELEANOR McNAUGHT.

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW: Valentine Kataev; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 341; \$2.50.

THIS IS YOUR DAY: Edward Newhouse; Lee Furman; pp. 309; \$2.50

HERE ARE TWO very different novels by two associates of the Third International, Kataev is particularly known for a frolicky novel about minor Soviet bureaucrats, "The Embezzlers," and an amusing farce "Squaring the Circle", which after the usual thousands of performances in Russia, made Broadway in a specially jazzed version last year and there expired. Kataev now returns to the novel but not to satire; his new book has moments of quiet comedy but the scene has been set back to the grim days of the unsuccessful 1905 Revolution. Unexpectedly, the chief characters are two ten-year-olds. Petya is the sheltered but truant son of a Black Sea teacher who is quietly in sympathy with the struggle against czarism. Gavrik is his half-starved backyard pal, who plays a revolutionary Huck Finn to his Tom Sawyer.

With great skill Kataev uses the orbit of their childhood lives to convey the turmoil, the heroic defeats, and the hopes for resurgence in the Russia of 1905. The slight plot concerns the increasing role which the boys play in concealing a fugitive Bolshevik sailor from that now famous rebel cruiser "Potemkin". The style, even in a translation whose merits I am unable to judge, is an agreeable blend of South Russian color and clear delicate narrative. "Gavrik opened his eyes dourly. He saw the shiny lemon sea and the dark, deep, cherry-colored dawn on a clean grey sky". The exotic title, from a poem by Lermontov describing a sailboat, suggests the dialectic of the revolutionary character, the double power of passionate risk and taut endurance out of which was born the Soviet State.

"This Is Your Day" is no so engrossing. One feels that Edward Newhouse is also trying to write spare and yet sophisticated prose, but he succeeds only in being buttonmouthed and dull. John Chamberlain has praised him as the "proletarian Hemingway" and this may well be what is the matter with him. Since, however, he is a Communist Party intellectual, appealing to that closed circle of left-book-reviewers who are also Communist Party intellectuals, he is greeted with narcissistic yodels which are gratefully reprinted on the inevitable jacket.

O jacketeers! It is true that Mr. Newhouse's first novel, "You Can't Sleep Here", was a good first novel. It is certain that its successor also is militant and occasionally dramatic, and that it tells an original story of the struggles of bankridden prairie farmers against the sale of their land for taxes. But please, Miss Herbst, and please, Mr. Freeman, "This Is Your Day" is NOT also richly humorous, emotionally mature, warm, brilliant, poetic, "the first authentic and eloquent voice of America's next great literary generation . . ." This is just what Mr. Newhouse isn't, and what he will not become if he is treated to such heady paeans.

Parallel with the farm story is another, which never quite catches up to it, about a climbing high-school teacher, Harold, who is pink on top and yellow inside. At first this is a clever acrid sketch but it soon degenerates into a portrait of the Petit-Bourgeois Villain, the dumpheap for all deviations from what Gene, the Partyman Hero, decrees to be Marxism. The reader begins to love Harold's wicked independence of thought, in sheer protest against the conscious holiness of the sardonic Gene, who knows all the answers but asks no questions.

EARLE BIRNEY.

'Tecs

ABOUT THE MURDER OF A MAN AFRAID OF WOMEN: Anthony Abbot; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 293; \$2.25.

THE RED BOX: Rex Stout; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 298; \$2.25.

IN THE FIRST of these detective tales the urbane, and energetic Thatcher Colt, that remarkable Commissioner of police, ploughs his way through the shadowy web of an international drug ring to a solution on the 11th hour of the day set for his wedding. Anthony Abbot has not kept up to the promise of some of his earlier tales.

The plot is overloaded with unnecessary impediments in the way of sociological musings, and a world wide drug ring. Various features are reminiscent of Van Dine and Ellery Queen in their more hackneyed mom-

ents. The plot itself is sound. The clues are fairly given (although the reviewer missed them), one early in the book, and a confirmation near the end. The motives and means are all simple, and intelligible. For those who like atmosphere this is a good "tec", and for the connoisseur it is a "high average" puzzle.

Rex Stout has created a most unusual amanuensis—Archie Goodwin—who is not just a pale shadow of or willing butt for, the great detective, Archie has a mind of his own. His admiration for the chief is tinged with some healthy doubt as to all the great one's idiosyncrasies. His approach is direct and refreshing. Nero Wolfe—the detective—on the other hand, embodies all the worst features of two English prototypes, Dr. Fells and Sir Henry Merrivale, Bart. The plot has some promising points, but two of the murders are unnecessary. As Nero is an intuitionist there are no real clues, and the "denouncement" is the reconstruction bluff. A direct hint at the guilty party is given which requires only the help of a Latin dictionary. Archie's language is amazing, and there are many farcical situations. There is also a striking description of a third degree.

MARTIN COHN.

Plays

THE HOUSE IN THE QUIET GLEN AND THE FAMILY PORTRAIT: John Coulter; pp. 124; \$1.75.

NO MORE PEACE: Ernest Toller; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 166; \$2.00.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU: Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman; Farrar and Rinehart; pp. 207; \$2.00.

THE QUIET MOOD of Mr. John Coulter's work contrasts oddly with the satire, fantasy and whimsy of the other volumes artistically grouped in this review. His one act play, "The House in the Quiet Glen" won the Bessborough Trophy at the Drama Festival in Ottawa. The judges must have been impressed not only by the effective naturalness of the dialogue but also by the fact that this young playwright whose work was primarily designed for radio, does not force the pace of his scene. "The Family Portrait" is not as well done; three acts are too long for this hackneyed theme, but in this play, also, he shows an ear for dialogue.

Ernest Toller surprises us with a satire fantasy which moves from Olympus to Dunkelstein, and introduces a group of characters who occasionally burst into theme songs. The children's peace song, which with a few alterations becomes a war chant, is positively revealing. St. Francis and Napoleon discussing earthly matters in heaven while an angel at the interplanetary switchboard yearns for wings far from Paris, are elements of fantasy which have been used before. The satire is sharper in the earth scenes in which Dunkelstein in the midst of peace celebrations is tricked into believing itself at war. Fear spreads; spy mania breaks out; a dictator appears; every sane person is jailed. Napoleon's practical joke has proved again that there will be no more peace until "the clever stop talking and the wise begin to act."

They say certain property men never recovered from their first sight of the list of properties required in "You Can't Take It With You." Out of a xylophone, corn flakes, a few live snakes, the game of darts as played in English country pubs, a skull, some people at high tension and others who have relaxed, Mr. Hart and Mr. Kaufman have concocted a very merry commentary upon the point of view expressed in their title. Several years

before the play opens, Grandpa Vanderhof decided that he wasn't having any fun so he just relaxed. He had a small income and was on comfortable terms with God. ("Well, Sir, here we are again") so the rest of the family relaxed with him, taking up any occupations or husbands which caught their fancy. As Grandpa says to Mr. Kirby from Wall Street, they are all doing what they want and whatever happens to the world no one can take that away from them. This fooling is fun, but this fun is not all fooling. The play has a plot as well as a philosophy but this reviewer's favorite moment was a side issue, the casual disclosure of Mr. de Pinna's identity. Mr. de Pinna who lives with the Vanderhofs and makes fireworks in the basement, turns out to be the iceman. He called with ice one day, liked the atmosphere of the home and just stayed on.

SALLEE CREIGHTON.

All Roads Lead to Windsor Station

RAIL, ROAD AND RIVER: W. W. Swanson; Toronto; Macmillan; pp. 121; \$1.50.

THIS IS A STUDY of Canadian transportation problems by the head of the Economics Department in the University of Saskatchewan. It purports to be an objective examination of the subject. But if you don't feel like paying \$1.50 for its 121 pages, just write to the Publicity Department of the C.P.R., Windsor Station, Montreal, and ask them to send you copies of Sir Edward Beatty's speeches during the last few years; they will send you free practically everything that is contained here. Professor Swanson tells a story of Canada in which everyone has been stupid or short-sighted except the directors of the C.P.R. He has the answer pat for every criticism that has ever been made of the C.P.R. He regards with a jaundiced eye not merely rival railway lines, but even our network of roads and canals, for these as well as the C.N.R. threaten to steal traffic from the C.P.R. Books like this make one long for a Gulliver to visit the Canadian Lilliput some day and describe the race of Canadian economists.

M. M.

This and That

SOVEREIGN PROGRESSION: Lady Sybil Lawrence; Saunders (Hodge); pp. 392; \$3.00.

THIS IS an informal and unchronological story of the Royal Family from the birth of George V in 1865 to the accession of George VI, as seen by a member of the court circle. Special attention is paid to births and marriages, but the promise of "personal touches and intimate details" is not altogether fulfilled, either in the text or the illustrations. There is also a tendency to the sort of anecdote which presents the slightest word of a royal personage as a scintillating witticism, a habit that royal personages must find very hard to bear. Nevertheless, though there are no startling revelations, or indeed, anything very new, the story is told in a straightforward and friendly manner. The tale of Edward's abdication is told in a fair if sentimental way. Altogether, a pleasant book for those who are eager to know all about kings and princes by an author whose outlook is clearly restricted to the court.

G. M. A. G.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY: Adolf Lowe; (Day to Day Pamphlet 36) Longmans (Hogarth); pp. 44. 50c.

THIS IS A FASCINATING STUDY of the English character and its social background by a German economist now living in exile in Manchester. Originally written as a letter to Paul Tillich in the States, it preserves in translation the pleasant informality of discourse between friends. Professor Lowe is an acute and sympathetic observer; his attempt to describe and account for the strange contradictions of the English character, English social and political life, will delight anyone with any knowledge of them. There is here neither flattery nor hostility, only a friendly, yet critical, desire to see and understand. The author points out clearly what English freedom costs in sacrifice of full individual development, and how precarious it is in the changed circumstances which face England since the war. The contrasts drawn between England and Germany are especially illuminating, as are the brief glances at the differing historical backgrounds.

A delightful pamphlet which can be most heartily recommended.

Correspondence

The Editor,
Canadian Forum.
Sir:

As the Forum has not commented editorially on the Foreign Enlistment Act, I hope you will allow me space to do so, for the passage of this legislation is more ominous for the progressive movement in Canada than many people realize.

Most of the Act is simply a re-enactment, with minor modifications, of the British Act of 1870. The significant part of our Act is section 19, which provides for its extension to civil wars. Apart from this we should never have heard of it in an unusually crowded session. To anyone who does not know the Canadian Liberal Party, there must be something bizarre in the spectacle of a Liberal Government placing on the same footing the supporters of the democratically elected government of a friendly foreign state and the rebels against that government; especially as this Liberal Government has firmly refused to pledge itself to neutrality in wars between foreign states. The explanation, of course, is simple: lack of courage to stand up to the gale of lying propaganda which has been blowing through Quebec ever since General Franco loosed his Mohammedan defenders of Christianity last July. The Act is a sop thrown to Quebec Fascism. Thus the Prime Minister, that peerless champion of democracy, constitutionalism and responsible government, celebrates the centenary of his grandfather's struggle for liberty.

If the Dominion Government is so amenable to anti-democratic pressure in this instance, can we expect it to show more backbone in defending democratic rights at home?

EUGENE FORSEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this list in no way precludes review in a later issue)

THE LETTERS OF LENIN: translated and edited Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie; Harcourt Brace; pp. 499; \$4.00.

THE FAR EAST IN WORLD POLITICS: G. F. Hudson; Oxford; pp. 276; \$2.25.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE PACIFIC: Gregory Binstock; Nelson (Allen & Unwin); pp. 299; \$3.75.

FEDERAL SUBSIDIES to the Provincial Governments in Canada: James A. Maxwell; Harvard; pp. 284; \$3.00.

LETTERS AND ESSAYS on Current Imperial and International Problems 1935-6: A. Berriedale Keith; Oxford; pp. 233; \$2.75.

THE PRICE OF EUROPEAN PEACE: Frank Darvall; Saunders (Hodge); pp. 181; \$1.50.

I.L.O., The Unregarded Revolution: Kathleen Gibberd; Dent; pp. 152; 85c.

LONDON, The Unique City: Steel Eiler Rasmussen; Nelson (Cape); pp. 404; \$4.50.

MARRIAGE WITH GENIUS: Freda Strindberg; Nelson (Cape); pp. 453; \$3.75.

A FOREIGNER LOOKS AT THE T.V.A.: Odette Keun; Longmans; pp. 89; \$1.50.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS: Sir J. J. Thompson; Macmillan; pp. 451; \$1.50.

BECKFORD: Guy Chapman; Nelson (Cape); pp. 365; \$4.50.

THE FLYING WASP: Sean O'Casey; Macmillan; pp. 201; \$1.25.

LETTERS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE: Grace E. and Earl L. Griggs; Oxford; pp. 328; \$4.50.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF CALIFORNIA: Edgar Lee Masters; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 79; \$2.00.

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND: Andre Maurois; Musson (Harper); pp. 500; \$4.50.

ANN, The Last Stuart Monarch: Neville Connell; Nelson (Butterworth); pp. 338; \$4.50.

THE EMPIRE IN THE WORLD: edited E. Thomas Cook; Oxford; pp. 323; \$3.00.

INVASION '14: Maxence Van Der Meersch; Macmillan; pp. 519; \$2.75.

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